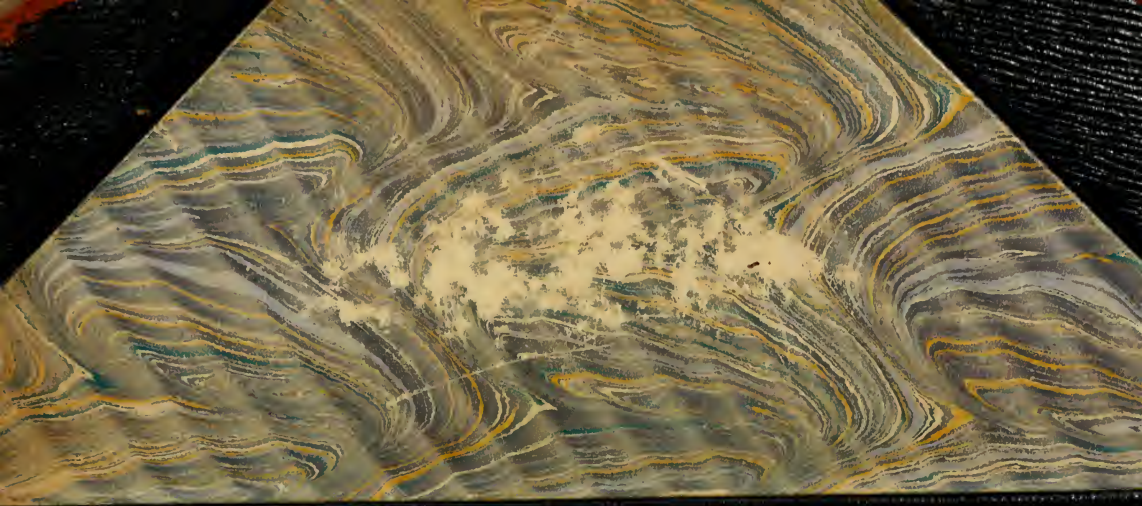

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. DAVIS;

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THE

THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

PART OF PRIOR.

THE

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

POEMS

BY

MR. PRIOR.

AN ODE,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HONOURABLE COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, I OD. XXVIII.

"Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
"Menſorem cohibent, Archyta, &c."

SAY, deareſt Villiers, poor departed friend
(Since fleeting life thus ſuddenly muſt end);
Say, what did all thy buſy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didſt ſail,
Ere on thy chin the ſpringing beard began
To ſpread a doubtful down, and promiſe man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till cloſe of night in heavy arms;

To ſcorn the ſummer's ſuns and winter's ſnows,
And ſearch through every clime thy country's foes;
That thou might'ſt Fortune to thy ſide engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her ſoldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To haſten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.

Alike muſt every ſtate and every age
Suſtain the univerſal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom;
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wiſdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's reſpite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the ſons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy journies which their ſires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did ſo long maintain
That bodies die, but ſouls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in ſtore,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.

And

And modern Aſgyll, whoſe capricious thought
Is yet with ſtores of wilder notions fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd ſhall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the darts of death.
Some from the ſtranded veſſel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the ſea:
Some, who eſcape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and ſink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardſhips many, many fall by eaſe.
Each changing ſeaſon does its poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blaſt the ſpring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act ſubſervient to the tyrant's power:
And, when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-ſtone, or a hair, can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In paths unſeen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the ſpacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads ſlow diſeaſe, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endleſs reign.
On curſt Piava's banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the riſing flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal ſpeed was urging his return;
In his dear country, to diſperſe his care,
And arm himſelf by reſt for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promiſe to their joys his elder years:

Oh! deſtin'd head! and oh! ſevere decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, ſhalt ſee;
Nor war haſt thou to wage; nor vear to come:
Impending death is thine, and inſtant doom.
Hark! the imperious Goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; ſnows deſcend; and waters ſpread.
Oh! kinſman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, ſtrong Deſtiny replies:
Weep, you on earth; for he ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all muſt go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or buſineſs leads
To this ſad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the dreary ſhores
To find the object which this verſe deplores,
Cleanſe the pale corpſe with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common ſand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive),
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flouriſh green the bough.
So may juſt Heaven ſecure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domeſtic ſtrife!
And, when th' infernal judge's diſmal power
From the dark urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd hour;
When, yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind friend the piteous object ſee,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with diſtinguiſh'd light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this happy night:
Again tranſmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
And thou, propitious ſtar, whoſe ſacred power
Preſided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;
With thy fair aſpect ſtill illuſtrate heaven;
Kindly preſerve what thou haſt greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain aſks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power expreſs,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wiſh of bliſs can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue ſtill the ſame.
Entire and ſure the monarch's rule muſt prove,
Who founds her greatneſs on her ſubjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we ſhould firſt deſire:
Our vanquiſh'd wills that pleaſing force obey,
Her goodneſs takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary ſway.

Let the young Auſtrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder ſpeak to both his Spains,
That in theſe dreadful iſles a woman reigns:
While the bright queen does on her ſubjects ſhower
The gentle bleſſings of her ſofter power;
Gives ſacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the ſtage;
Bids the chaſte Muſe without a bluſh appear;
And Wit be that which Heaven and ſhe may hear.

Minerva thus to Perſeus lent her ſhield;
Secure of conqueſt, ſent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time, amidſt her native temples ſate
The Goddeſs, ſtudious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting juſtly, and in writing well.
Thus whilſt ſhe did her various power diſpoſe,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athens' glory roſe.

A LET-

A

LETTER

TO

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM, 1704.

" —Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
" Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
" Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos"—
HOR. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?
From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault:
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun:
Some Dæmon, envying France, misled the fight;
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When

When thy * young Muſe invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To ſay how Louis did not paſs the Rhine;
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the Poet made his laſt efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hadſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the laſt campaign?
The Danube reſcued, and the Empire ſav'd,
Say, is the majeſty of verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verſe to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maeſe?
Her warriors Anna ſends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names?
Canſt thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldſby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a ſound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verſe, and ſure of endleſs fame?

Cutts is in metre ſomething harſh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his ſtead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius ſpeak for honeſt Wood.
And though rough Churchill ſcarce in verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command;

* "En vain, pour te louer, &c." Ep. 4.

With

With eaſe the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May cloſe the verſe, remembering but the Dane.
I grant, old friend, old foe (for ſuch we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd ſayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to thoſe,
Who let their fancy looſe in rambling proſe.
For inſtance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verſe agree!
" In one great day on Hochſtet's fatal plain,
" French and Bavarians twenty thouſand ſlain:
" Puſh'd through the Danube to the ſhores of Styx
" Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-ſix:
" Officers captive made, and private men,
" Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten.
" Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
" Cannon, and kettle drums!"—ſweet numbers theſe!
But is it thus you Engliſh bards compoſe?
With Runic lays thus tag inſipid proſe?
And, when you ſhould your Hero's deeds rehearſe,
Give us a commiſſary's liſt in verſe?
Why, faith! Deſpreaux, there's ſenſe in what you ſay:
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vaſt, ſo numerous, were great Blenheim's ſpoils,
They ſcorn the bounds of verſe, and mock the Muſe's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the ſum of Gallia's loſs to rhyme,

'Tis

'Tis mighty hard: what Poet would eſſay
To count the ſtreamers of my lord mayor's day?
To number all the ſeveral diſhes dreſt
By honeſt Lamb, laſt coronation feaſt?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ſtyle repeat?
O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had ſhar'd a portion of thy ſkill;
Had this poor breaſt receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verſe might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muſe ſhould ſtrive
Beneath the ſhades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should call aſpiring Gods to bleſs her choice,
And to their favourite ſtrains exalt her voice,
Arms and a Queen to ſing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To ſave the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cauſe,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.
The queen ſhould ſit in Windſor's ſacred grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both ſhould with equal zeal her ſmiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.
Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons ſhould appear;
And, as great Anna's ſmiles diſpel their fear,
With active dance ſhould her obſervance claim;
With vocal ſhell ſhould ſound her happy name;
Their maſter Thames ſhould leave the neighbouring ſhore,
By his ſtrong anchor known, and ſilver oar;

Should

Should lay his enſigns at his ſovereign's feet;
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.
To her, his dear defence, he ſhould complain,
That, while he bleſſes her indulgent reign,
Whilſt furtheſt ſeas are by his fleets ſurvey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maeſe, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
Feel the hard burthen of oppreſſive war;
That Danube ſcarce retains his rightful courſe
Againſt two rebel armies neighbouring force;
And all muſt weep ſad captives to the Seine,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.
The valiant ſovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he muſt Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her eſteem:
She bids him wait her to the ſacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody croſs upon his breaſt,
Says, he muſt die, or ſuccour the diſtreſs'd;
Placing the Saint an emblem by his ſide,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd muſt conquer lawleſs Pride.
The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires;
His ſteps are to the ſilent woods inclin'd,
The great deſign revolving in his mind;
When to his ſight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
Me, ſhe begins, the faireſt child of Jove,
Below for ever fought, and bleſs'd above;

Me,

Me, the bright ſource of wealth, and power, and fame
(Nor need I ſay, Victoria is my name) ;
Me the great father down to thee has ſent :
He bids me wait at thy diſtinguiſh'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wiſh would have :
Her ſubject thou, I only am her ſlave.
Dare then, thou much belov'd by ſmiling Fate,
For Anna's ſake, and in her name be great :
Go forth, and be to diſtant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling ſon :
At Schellenbergh I'll manifeſt ſuſtain
Thy glorious cauſe ; and ſpread my wings again,
Conſpicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The Goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit reply ;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the ſky.
His high commiſſion is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his ſtandard run ;
He marches thoughtful, and he ſpeedy fails :
(Bleſs him, ye ſeas ! and proſper him, ye gales !)
Belgia receives him welcome to her ſhores ;
And William's death with leſſen'd grief deplores :
His preſence only muſt retrieve that loſs ;
Marlborough to her muſt be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from theſe low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods ;
Alcides, reſpited by prudent Fate,
Suſtain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and ſwift behold the Chief advance ;
Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France :

The

The Britiſh general dooms the fight; his ſword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George.—At that auſpicious ſign
The ſtandards move; the adverſe armies join.
Of eight great hours, Time meaſures out the ſands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance ſtands:
The ninth, Victoria comes: — o'er Marlborough's head
Confeſs'd ſhe ſits; the hoſtile troops recede:
Triumphs the Goddeſs, from her promiſe freed.

The eagle, by the Britiſh lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:
Nor did ſhe e'er with ſtronger pinions ſoar
From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's ſhore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which theſe ideas raiſe,
And great ambition of my country's praiſe;
The Engliſh Muſe ſhould like the Mantuan riſe,
Scornful of earth and clouds, ſhould reach the ſkies,
With wonder (though with envy ſtill) purſued by human eyes.

But we muſt change the ſtyle—juſt now I ſaid,
I ne'er was maſter of the tuneful trade;
Or the ſmall genius which my youth could boaſt,
In proſe and buſineſs lies extinct and loſt:
Bleſs'd, if I may ſome younger Muſe excite;
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That, from Marſeilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
And either laurel does in Britain grow;

That, though among ourſelves, with too much heat,
We ſometimes wrangle, when we ſhould debate
(A conſequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cauſe);
We can with univerſal zeal advance,
To curb the faithleſs arrogance of France;
Nor ever ſhall Britannia's ſons refuſe
To anſwer to thy Maſter or thy Muſe;
Nor want juſt ſubject for victorious ſtrains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains;
And where old Spenſer ſung, a new Eliza reigns.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

"Les Allemans ne ce ſoucient pas quel Vin ils boivent
"pourveu que ce ſoit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent
"pourveu que ce ſoit Latin."

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect falſe Latin, and ſtumm'd wine:
They never taſte, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

TO

TO A
CHILD OF QUALITY,
FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704;
THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

I.

LORDS, knights, and 'ſquires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miſs Mary's fetters,
Were ſummon'd by her high command,
To ſhew their paſſions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongſt the reſt I took,
Leſt thoſe bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my paſſion,
And I may write till ſhe can ſpell.

IV.

For, while ſhe makes her ſilk-worms beds
With all the tender things I ſwear;
Whilſt all the houſe my paſſion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the ſtricteſt prudes ſhould know it,
She'll paſs for a moſt virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then too, alas! when ſhe ſhall tear
The lines ſome younger rival ſends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we ſhall ſtill continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis ſo ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I ſhall be paſt making love,
When ſhe begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

I.

THE ſturdy Man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The ſubtile Woman, if ſhe ſhould ſucceed,
Diſowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Though He, for all his boaſt, is forc'd to yield,
Though She can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conqueſts, ſhe conceals her ſhame;
How partial is the voice of Fame!

FOR THE

PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH ARE

The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Triumphal Arch;

The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath;

AND

The chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active ſtreams, where'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and furtheſt nations know
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapſu,
Diviſis latè terris, populiſque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tameſis narravit & Iſter,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE

CAMELEON.

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;

And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'ſquire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a ſtateſman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He ſaunters wildly up and down,
Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the ſect purſues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their myſterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have ſaid the week before;
His wiſdom ſets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And ſettles in the Hum-drum club:

He

He learns how ſtocks will fall or riſe;
Holds poverty the greateſt vice;
Thinks wit the bane of converſation;
And ſays that learning ſpoils a nation.
But if, at firſt, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toaſts the towering laſſes;
Repeats you verſes wrote on glaſſes;
Is in the chair; preſcribes the law;
And lies with thoſe he never ſaw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the laſt Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peeviſh was the edict of the mayor);
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, ſir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worſhip mean?
Quoth Andrew, Honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble-(what d' ye call 't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.

That buſy fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And, dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I have found the ſecret to be great.
O, deareſt Andrew, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy uſeful ſkill.—
Bow then, ſays Andrew; and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate ſtopt his coach and ſix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of ſimile)
A ſquirrel ſpend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;

The

The cage, as either ſide turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with thoſe merry blades,
That friſk it under Pindus' ſhades.
In noble ſong, and lofty odes,
They tread on ſtars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verſes' ſound;
Brought back, how faſt ſoe'er they go,
Always aſpiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

SAY, ſire of inſects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out) what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with ſuch fury drive?
Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raiſe ſuch a cloud of duſt as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour ſav'd the ſinking ſtate.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toſs up their heads, and ſtretch their wings.

But, let the truth to light be brought,
This neither ſpoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A

PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

IN grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms,
My deareſt, let's away!
For you, my love, is all my fear,
Hark how the drums do rattle;
Alas, ſir! what ſhould you do here
In dreadful day of battle?
Let little Orange ſtay and fight,
For danger's his diverſion;
The wiſe will think you in the right,
Not to expoſe your perſon:
Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory:
You ought to leave ſo mean a care
To thoſe who pen your ſtory.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyrick writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When

When foes too faucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly;
Put ſix good horſes in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.
Let Bouflers, to ſecure your fame,
Go take ſome town, or buy it;
Whilſt you, great ſir, at Noſtredame,
Te Deum ſing in quiet!"

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat aſſerts his dreadful ſire.
Nouriſh'd near ſhady rills and cooling ſtreams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral ſays; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than ſix, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes;
And ſeaſons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet ſighing, he ſays, we muſt certainly break;
And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak;
For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publiſh it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool,
By demonſtration Ned can ſhow it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, the leaneſt things alive!
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable ſhelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf:
Then why ſhould I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read thee?

Drunk

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguiſt, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.

Purſue me with ſatire: what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

ON THE

SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes:
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE—"

FOR what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe
May ſpoil what you to-night propoſe:
England may change; or Cloe ſtray:
Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD

OF THE

NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.*

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, theſe men among on women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is a labour ſpent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them purſue, theyr fyrſt true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and ſayd,
That womens fayth is, as who ſayth, all utterly decayed:
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnèſſe in this caſe might be layed,
That they love true, and continùe; recorde the notbrowne mayde;

* So *Prior*.—Firſt printed about 1521, ſays *Capel*.

Which,

Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart ſhe loved but hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus what was all the manère
Betwayne them two; we wyll alſo tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in: nowe I begyn, ſo that ye me anſwère;—
Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be, I pray you gyve an ere:—
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas, thus ſtandeth the caſe, I am a banyſhed man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuſe;
Truſtynge to ſhewe in wordes fewe, that men have an yll uſe
(To theyr own ſhame) women to blame, and cauſeleſſe them accuſe:
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe, all women to excuſe;—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do, whereof grete harme ſhall growe;
My deſtiny is for to dy a ſhamefull deth, I trowe;

Or

Or elles to flie: the one muſt be; none other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true! none other rede I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe, that chaungeth as the mone!
The ſomers day in luſty May is derked before the none.
I here you ſay, farewell; Nay, nay, we départ not ſo ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have ye done?
All my welfâre to ſorowe and care ſholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve, and ſomwhat you dyſtrayne:
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde within a day or twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B. Now,

B.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me the ſecret of your mynde,
I ſhall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye ſhall me fynde:
Syth it is ſo that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall it never be ſayd, the notbrowne mayd was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy; for ſo am I, although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of yonge and olde it ſhall be tolde, that ye be gone away:
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make delay:
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me be called an yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though it be ſonge of olde and yonge, that I ſholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that ſpeke ſo large in hurtynge of my name:

For

For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and hevyneſſe, to part wyth you, the ſame;
To ſhewe all tho that do nat ſo, true lovers are they none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out to wode with an outlàwe:
For ye muſt there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus muſt you lyve, ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe: yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but as ye ſay, it is no maydens lore:
But love may make me, for your ſake, as I have ſayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote, to get us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company may have, I aſke no more:

From

From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,—that men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, (as God forbede!) what ſocours coude ye fynde?
For ſothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were with enemyes day and night,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you with my myght,
And you to ſave; as women have from deth many a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude nat ſuſtayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, dry, or wete, we muſt lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other roſe but a brake, buſh, or twayne:
Which ſone ſholde greve you, I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo endure, as reſon is:
Yet am I ſure of one plesùre; and, ſhortely, it is this,—
That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè, I coude not fare amyſſe.
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche that we were ſhortely gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye muſt conſider,—whan ye have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale, ne wine;

Ne

Ne ſhetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes, to cover your hed and myne:
O myne hart ſwete, this evyll dyète ſholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère as men ſay that ye be,
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is ſo grete plente:
And water clere of the ryvère ſhall be full ſwete to me;
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele endure, as ye ſhall ſee:
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more, yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above the kne:
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande your enemyes, yf nede be:
And, this ſame nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it ſhortly as ye can ;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you than longeth to womanhede ;
To ſhorte my here, a bow to bere, to ſhote in tyme of nede : —
O my ſwete mother, before all other for you I have moſt drede :
But nowe, adue ! I muſt enſue where fortune doth me lede. —
All this make ye : nowe let us fle ; the day cometh faſt upon ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Nay, nay, nat ſo ; ye ſhal nat go, and I ſhall tell you why, —
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele eſpy :
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, in lyke wyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwère, whoſoever it were, in way of company.
It is ſayd of olde, — ſone hote, ſone colde ; and ſo is a womàn :
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B. Yf

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede ſuch wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed, or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of aunceſtry a barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a ſquyer of lowe degre;
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall; to dy therefore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde! it were a curſed dede:
To be felàwe with an outlàwe! Almighty God forbede!
Yea, beter were, the pore ſquyère alone to foreſt yede,
Than ye ſholde ſay another day, that by that curſed dede
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd, the beſt rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo, than have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, yf ye be as ye ſayd,
Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the notbrowne mayd.

Truſt me truly', that I ſhall dy ſone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent: for in the foreſt nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère than ever ye were, I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe with other, as I trowe:
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe; ſo wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde, and courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll commaunde me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A. Myne

A.

Myne own dere love, I ſe the prove that ye be kynde,
and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the beſt that ever
I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more ſad, the caſe is chaunged
newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye ſholde have
cauſe to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd to you, whan I
began,
I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyſhed
man.

B.

Theſe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made
a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure: but it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke the wordes
on the ſplene:
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle, and ſtele from me
I wene:
Than were the caſe worſe than it was, and I more
wo-begone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede; I will not dyſparage
You, (God defende!) ſyth you deſcend of ſo grete
a lynage.

Nowe underſtande,—to Weſtmarlande, which is myne herytage,
I wyll you bringe; and with a rynge, by way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make, as ſhortely as I can:
Thus have ye won an erlys ſon, and not a banyſhed man.

B.

Here may ye ſe, that women be, in love, meke, kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man reprove them than, ...
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable,
Which ſometyme proved ſuch as he loved, yf they be charytable.
Forſoth, men wolde that women ſholde be meke to them ech one;
Moche more ought they to God obey, and ſerve but hym alone.

HENRY

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Though low my voice, though artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay:
Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy ſerious brow?
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heavenly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy deſire, ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.
No longer man of woman ſhall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid,
Of female paſſion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.

And,

And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
O faireſt of the ſex! be thou my Muſe:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me, Love, the juſt reward of verſe!
As Beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the ſtory with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-intreated crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou ſay'ſt that one
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd

With

With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.
From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt.
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft' in ſport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord);
Uſage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.
As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms increas'd;
Through all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfections muſt that Virgin ſhare,
Who faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are fair!
From diſtant ſhires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had leſſen'd truth.
By wonder firſt, and then by paſſion mov'd,
They came; they ſaw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.

By

By public praiſes, and by ſecret ſighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant ſtrove
By glorious deeds to purchaſe Emma's love.
In gentle verſe the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choiceſt ſongs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Uſeleſs their ſtrength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.

While theſe in public to the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtified their flame;
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arms, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name and falſe attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhews the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praiſes in no common ſound.

A fal-

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the towering merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accoſts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſued than bird or beaſt.

A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves:
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While with ſoft ſorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But, ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain,
With dutiful reſpect and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipſy now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals;
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
What groom ſhall get, and ſquire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A ſofter look unbends his opening brow;

With

With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft' had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.
While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But, ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another Love may gain her eaſy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.
O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal ſtrife;

Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire ;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire !
Amongſt thy various gifts, great Heaven, beſtow
Our cup of Love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief : for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte ;
Or deems it not ſincere ; or fears it cannot laſt.
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If ſcanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure ;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;
If, pois'd aright in Reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.
South of the caſtle in a verdant glade
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade :
Here oft' the Nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
Here oft' her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd and half conceal'd his flame

Upon

Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent Nature ſhed her kindly ſhowers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown;
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.

His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes:
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were laid;
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, laſt, that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The lover's ſteps, the ancient maiden-aunt.

To

To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays,
And leads his votaries ſafe through pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide! is blind.
The Maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with deſire, with joy and pain,
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembled ſighs;
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive ſtood the mournful Nymph: the Man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumults of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?

Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reaſon yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heavenly poiſon thrilling through thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy Knight reſerve thy charms;
By Fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only, as the ſun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace;
For lo! theſe hands in murther are imbrued;
Theſe trembling feet by Juſtice are purſued:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful death attends my longer ſtay;
And I this night muſt fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a baniſh'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliſs, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my boſom reign'd:

The

The God of Love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of ſtores, and total war.

O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my love;
And let my deed at leaſt my faith approve.
Alas! no youth ſhall my endearments ſhare;
Nor day nor night ſhall interrupt my care;
No future ſtory ſhall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard baniſhment ſhall Henry run;
While careleſs Emma ſleeps on beds of down.
View me reſolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'ſt, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I atteſt fair Venus and her ſon,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obſtruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and ſay:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courſes took;
Her father's houſe and civil life forſook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that leſſen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always ſtain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that waſh out ſin, can waſh out ſhame.
Then fly the ſad effects of deſperate love;
And leave a baniſh'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapleſs caſe be falſely told
By the raſh young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various cenſures chooſe;
Abſolve with coldneſs, or with ſpite accuſe:
Fair Truth at laſt her radiant beams will raiſe;
And Malice vanquiſh'd heightens Virtue's praiſe.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my preſence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name
Above the rumours of cenſorious Fame;
Nor from that buſy Demon's reſtleſs power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe?
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitleſs ſorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee love
A baniſh'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not Love's diviner power inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Though my inferior ſtrength may not allow
That I ſhould bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the wounds, my fineſt lawn I'd tear,
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?

When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte: and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no: one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;

The

The cave with moſs and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful ſit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food;
With humble duty, and officious haſte,
I'll cull the furtheſt mead for thy repaſt;
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freſheſt ſpring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt, and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappieſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:

No longer ſhall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double every charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining air,
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſeman's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free:
And, with a bolder ſtride and looſer air,
Mingled with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws ſhall offend thy view:
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverſe fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:

With

With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.

Who

Who has aſſay'd no danger, gains no praiſe.
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant Conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat:
In vain the Syrens ſing, the tempeſts beat:
Their flattery ſhe rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſt:
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy teſt.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my ſex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the ſciſſars, with theſe hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black ſoot, or yellow walnut, ſhall diſgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
Theſe nails with ſcratches ſhall deform my breaſt,
Leſt by my look or colour be expreſs'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dreſs'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this diſguiſe,
Let me be grateful ſtill to Henry's eyes;
Loſt to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can abſolve, if he ſhall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind;

Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whoſe roving fancy would reſolve the ſame
With him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſy fame;
And blow with empty words the ſuſceptible flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confeſs thy frailty, and avow the ſex:
No longer looſe deſire for conſtant love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis Man with whom thou long'ſt to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and ſwords;
That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's words?
Yet what could ſwords or poiſon, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.

And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil ſpeech and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful ſweetneſs and harmonious ſtrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd ſighs, and tears, and wiſhes, to its aid;
And, whilſt it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldneſs of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealouſy and canker'd ſpite
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day, or ſecret night.

Did e'er my tongue ſpeak my unguarded heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And haſt thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muſt never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our ſex is one.
Falſe are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or promiſes to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ſtrength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march againſt the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with paſſion, we attack the fair,
Deluſive ſighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falſehood and our arms have equal uſe;
As they our conqueſt or delight produce.
The fooliſh heart thou gav'ſt, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be leſs wretched, be no longer true;
What ſtrives to fly thee, why ſhould'ſt thou purſue?
Forget the preſent flame, indulge a new;
Single the lovelieſt of the amorous youth;
Aſk for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wife and falfe, fhun trouble, feek delight;
Change thou the firft, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why fhould'ft thou weep? let Nature judge our cafe;
I faw thee young and fair; purfued the chafe
Of Youth and Beauty: I another faw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I purfued
More youth, more beauty: bleft viciffitude!
My active heart ftill keeps its priftine flame;
The object alter'd, the defire the fame.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With prefent power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my fubjected mind
(If Beauty's force to conftant Love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou doft now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildnefs of thy wifhes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'ft live with her.
Love, well thou know'ft, no partnerfhip allows:
Cupid averfe rejects divided vows:
Then from thy fooliſh heart, vain maid, remove
An ufelefs forrow, and an ill-ftarr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?

Of

Of the ſuperior ſex art thou the worſt?
Am I of mine the moſt completely curſt?
Yet let me go with thee: and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A ſervant (ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend).
What ſhe demands, inceſſant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My buſy diligence ſhall deck her board
(For there at leaſt I may approach my Lord);
And, when her Henry's ſofter hours adviſe
His ſervant's abſence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and ſighs forbid to riſe.
Yet, when increaſing grief brings ſlow diſeaſe;
And ebbing life, on terms ſevere as theſe,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's miſtreſs ſhews him Emma dead;
Reſcue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearſe be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at leaſt perſuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where ſhe,
With frequent eye my ſepulchre may ſee.
The nymph amidſt her joys may haply breathe
One pious ſigh, reflecting on my death,
And the ſad fate which ſhe may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.

And thou forſworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou ſure muſt give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to deſpair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded ſtone
Bid it in laſting characters be known,
That, of mankind, ſhe lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn Jove; and conſcious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilſt I ſwear;
No time, no change, no future flame, ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a trial too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs, for ſhe has felt his ſword,
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;

Inclines

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his numerous herds imprint her ſands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire: ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait.
Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilſt the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.
Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn;
And blooming Peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on:
While yet ſuperior Love ſhall mock his power:
And when old Time ſhall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heaven of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleaſure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?

Will

Will he be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the ſuppliant goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her treaſure with unweary'd hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:
If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of her fantaſtic wheel:
Friendſhip's great laws, and Love's ſuperior powers,
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with cloſe delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful foul ſhall hide)
I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power inveſted, and with pleaſure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;

Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore,
Which human vows at ſmoking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chooſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore;
That, when their God ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers' conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.

The Queen of Beauty ſtopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as ſhe calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, ſhe ſaid, let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But, when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall complete
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,

The

The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care.
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian Deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

A N O D E,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN,

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS, 1706.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

" Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
" Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ :
" Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
" Compositis venerantur armis." HOR.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry : I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

" Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that

that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variouſly, as the ſubject and my own imagination carried me. As to the ſtyle, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in Engliſh to the ſtanza; and herein it was impoſſible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenſer; which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the manner of my expreſſion, and the turn of my number: having only added one verſe to his ſtanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his words as I found too obſolete. I have however retained ſome few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenſer's. *Beheſt*, command; *band*, army; *proweſs*, ſtrength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muſe leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a farthingale. I have alſo, in Spenſer's manner, uſed Cæſar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that prince, Iſter for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I juſt now mentioned,

" Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
" Jactata Tuſcis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praiſes the Romans as being deſcended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the Britiſh nation, deſcended from Brute, likewiſe a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, ſettled in

England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a ſtory which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at leaſt to the Monkiſh writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at leaſt) he was pleaſed with it, though poſſibly he does not believe it: however, it carries a poetical authority, which is ſufficient for our purpoſe. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and, upon the ſuppoſition of theſe facts, Virgil wrote the beſt poem that the world ever read, and Spenſer paid queen Elizabeth the greateſt compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticiſm, that I bring my hero

" From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born when that city was deſtroyed. Virgil, in the caſe of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will ſtand as a ſufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenſer, in many things reſemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majeſty of expreſſion in deſcribing the ſublime; and both know to temper thoſe talents, and ſweeten the deſcription, ſo as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their ſtory, and that Curioſa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and ſo very few have reached:

reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two maſters to the conſideration and ſtudy of thoſe who deſign to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted Parnaſſus, and all the flowery roads on that ſide the country; though I thought myſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent occaſion, to take a little journey into thoſe parts.

O D E.

I.

WHEN great Auguſtus govern'd ancient Rome,
And ſent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He ſaw his fame increaſing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading proſe,
And ſet their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he ſtrung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his ſong.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's ſtate,
Widely diſtributing her high commands,
And boldly wiſe, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;

An equal genius was in Spenſer found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In myſtic notes to ſing his monarch's praiſe:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleaſing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greateſt Anna! while thy arms purſue
Paths of renown, and climb aſcents of fame,
Which nor Auguſtus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet ſhall be found to ſing thy name?
What numbers ſhall record, what tongue ſhall ſay,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O faireſt model of imperial ſway!
What equal pen ſhall write thy wondrous reign?
Who ſhall attempts and feats of arms rehearſe,
Nor yet by ſtory told, nor parallel'd by verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a taſk I weet:
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to ſmile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verſe in Spenſer's native ſtyle.
By theſe examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with pleaſure of my country's praiſe,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raiſe;
And lateſt times ſhall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

V.

As the ſtrong eagle in the ſilent wood,
Mindleſs of warlike rage and hoſtile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or cryſtal flood,
Till by Jove's high beheſts call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His boſom with the vengeful meſſage glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his maſter's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal ſtock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives her ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving ſweet repoſe and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our General's fame:
Graſps he the bolt? we aſk—when he has hurl'd the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold,
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:

He

He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Iſter's ſhore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the ſame,
Whoſe prowefs there repell'd the Boyan power,
And ſent them trembling through the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd ſands.

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve:
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlborough's ſtronger ſtar.
Thoſe laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet didſt greatly gain,
While, bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhed,
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a worthier head.

X. Yet

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confeſs;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is ſtill the ſame;
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds her equal ſcales,
Till ſtronger virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cauſe that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power muſt Jove's decrees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Naſſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy juſteſt fear,
The maſter-ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæſar gave the Britiſh peer.

He

He took the gift: Nor ever will I ſheathe
This ſteel (ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain),
The General ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down through Ruſſia's lands.
Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Suſtain the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſpers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing through the Gallic hoſt:
Through ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt.
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV. But

XV.

But while with fierceſt ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great!
Whence look the ſoldiers' cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground.—
Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering Conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.

Again

Again France flies, again the duke purſues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils,
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe complete.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone.
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlborough paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught undone remain'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How leſſen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the ſwiftneſs of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker ſaid:

And

And lives he yet, the great, the loſt Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd realm, or guard our ſhatter'd coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the riſing eagle cuts the air:
The ſhaggy wolf unſeen and trembling lies,
When the hoarſe roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did we our forts and lines forſake,
To dare our Britiſh foes to open fight:
Our conqueſt we by ſtratagem ſhould make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours by craft and by ſurpriſe to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hoſtile brood,
Their boaſted Brute, undaunted ſnatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on ſilver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he ſaid, the ſeat
By Heaven ordain'd, my ſons, your laſting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII. Their

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his fable ſhield,
Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to ſettle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndiſh, terrors of the ſea:
Hence Butler's ſons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia ſhould conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquiſh'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, ſturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and ſprouts againſt the ſtroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as thoſe teeth, which Cadmus ſow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furniſh'd freſh ſupplies:
So with young vigour, and ſucceeding birth,
Her loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And every age ſhe with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain.

Nor

Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds and mutual jars:
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
The Woman Chief is maſter of the war:
Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd Heaven by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter Sculpture let her join
To raiſe, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where fembling art may carve the fair effect
And full atchievement of thy great deſigns.
In a calm heaven, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the Queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all ſtorms, that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath her feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets ſhall ſtrive, by winds and waters toſt,
Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign—
O virtue to thy Britiſh mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force deſtroy'd, their privileges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and ſent to war;

Whom

Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſter, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare
Germania fav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that ſhore,
Leading his iſlanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms;
Shall bid them bleſs the Queen, who made his ſtreams
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bleſs thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword;
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;

And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty:
The northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble baſe,
To ſave herſelf from darkneſs and from death,
That Muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing;
And when thy will, and when thy ſubject's hand,
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet ſat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
Tell me, ſhe ſaid; but tell me true;
The Nymph who could your heart ſubdue.
What ſort of charms does ſhe poſſeſs?
Abſolve me, fair-one; I'll confeſs
With pleaſure, I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory boſom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love ſits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private ſtate, by friends is ſeen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May ſay, how red, how round, how ſweet;
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and ſoft delight:
They ſtand recorded in his book,
When Helen ſmil'd, and Hebe ſpoke—
The gipſey, turning to her glaſs,
Too plainly ſhew'd ſhe knew the face;
And which am I moſt like, ſhe ſaid,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

C A N T A T A.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample ſhade,
His lyre to mournful numbers ſtrung,
Horace, immortal bard, ſupinely laid,
To Venus thus addreſs'd the ſong:
Ten thouſand little Loves around,
Liſtening, dwelt on every ſound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on ſilent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me reſt,
From all amorous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night purſue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and cryſtal ſtreams?

RECIT.

RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to Love's imperious yoke:
Every ſtate, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy deſtin'd lyre diſcover
Soft deſire and gentle pain:
Often praiſe, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and ſighs ſhall move her;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

OVID is the ſureſt guide
You can name, to ſhew the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I'll die:
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe, were you not extremely ſick?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe.
But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a-kin;
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult as wives.

A

REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His ſpouſe is in deſpair:
With frequent ſobs, and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.

A different cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he ſhall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Aliſon paſt,
She reproach'd Engliſh Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the ſlattern had left, in the hurry and haſte,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow-box one morning loſt,
(The beſt of folks are oftenest croſt)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny ſaid
(Her careleſs but afflicted maid),
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the houſe
Poor Helen ſits, and ſobs, and cries;
She will not ſee her loving ſpouſe,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unleſs ſhe find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careleſs Jane,
Aſſure yourſelf, was loudly rated:
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouſe-trap baited.

On little things, as ſages write,
Depends our human joy or ſorrow:
If we don't catch a mouſe to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you aſk,
Whoſe beauty thus all hearts engages?
To anſwer is no eaſy taſk:
For ſhe has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in ſtays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, patches, jewels laid aſide,
At night Aſtronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is ſome forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! ſays Baron le Cras,
Perceiving his miſtreſs had one eye of glaſs:
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it,
When ſhe more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd Alard will poſſeſs
Your houſe and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted leſs
By Banquo's reſtleſs ſpright.

With fifteen thouſand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modeſter
By much than you believe.

Lend

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you ſhall never ſee him more:
Take the advice; *probatum eſt.*
Why do the Gods indulge our ſtore,
But to ſecure our reſt?

EPILOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:
An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra ſpeak;
And comes to town to let us Moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful, handſome charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Iſmena would reſign her breaſt;
And every dear Hippolytus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now

Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play,
Something at leaſt in juſtice ſhould be ſaid;
But this Hippolytus ſo fills one's head—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtely as ſhe cou'd;
For ſhe was Father Jove's own fleſh and blood.
Her aukwark love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly died:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo?*
There was no harm, you ſee; or, grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt;
Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone impatient for her dear.

But, if theſe gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your care:
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take;
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

A CRI-

A

CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

EPILOGUE

TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

THE Female Author who recites to-day,
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
Like Father Bayes securely she sits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics shew'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string;
Though they could all do something more than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian stages,
Rough satyrs, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.

The bluſtering bully in our neighbouring ſtreets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearleſs the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop ſecures whatever it ſurrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
And, while their ſweethearts their attention fix,
Suſpend the din of their damn'd clattering ſticks.
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her ſoft requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt,
Your ſympathetic hearts ſhe hopes to move,
From tender friendſhip, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's Muſe did Laura's wit rehearſe;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verſe;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears;
I plead her ſex's claim; what matters hers?
By our full power of beauty we think fit
To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire who ſo long have boaſted;
And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toaſted.
Approve what one of us preſents to-night,
Or every mortal woman here ſhall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, ſublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
Female remarks ſhall take up all your time.
Your time, poor ſouls! we'll take your very money;
Female third-days ſhall come ſo thick upon ye,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.

Unleſs

Unleſs you yield for better and for worſe:
Then the She-Pegaſus ſhall gain the courſe;
And the grey mare will prove the better horſe.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER, A BALLAD;

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the ſhackles which Force had put on,
And the Hangman completes what the Judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own:
But my hearers cry out, What a duce doſt thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs to back a bad cauſe,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene,
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhould begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good ſon? ſays the Prieſt:
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch fancies:
Rely on the aid you ſhall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die: let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; for to-day is your period of ſorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our Hero replied in a fright:
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat;
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be ſo kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit.
The feaſt I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

WHILST I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold friendſhip you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame ſuppreſt,
That kills the heart it heats too faſt,
Take half my paſſion to your breaſt:
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

AN EPITAPH.

"Stet quicunque volet potens
"Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c." SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone
Lie ſauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires roſe or fell,
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.

They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away;
They did juſt nothing all the day:
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor ſiſter either had nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor cenſure they regarded;
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid:
So every ſervant took his courſe;
And, bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable,
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and pariſh rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of ſlumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.

No

No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor;
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor ſmile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wiſe;
They would not learn, nor could adviſe:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they died

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE, AFTER THE PEACE, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou haſt ſeen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy ſervant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may preſume to live,
And from the tranſcript of thy proſe receive
What my own ſhort-liv'd verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair Britain with a gracious ſmile
Accept the work; and the inſtructed iſle,
For more than treaties made, ſhall bleſs my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic ſtyle preferr'd,
Wiſdom in Engliſh idiom ſhall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

AN

EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE:

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1714; BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of ſtate,
The ſhining ſide-board, and the burniſh'd plate,
Let other miniſters, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their deſire.
To the fair portrait of my Sovereign Dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy ſight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's ſake
My paſt has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in deſpite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture, like thy fame,
Entire may laſt; that, as their eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant ſhade, men yet unborn may ſay,

Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen;
Her brow thus ſmooth, her look was thus ſerene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty Empreſs gave her high command,
That he to hoſtile camps and kings ſhould haſte,
To ſpeak her vengeance, as their danger, paſt;
To ſay, ſhe wills deteſted wars to ceaſe;
She checks her conqueſt, for her ſubjects eaſe,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee preſent I adore,
Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have power
Higher to raiſe the glories of thy reign,
In words ſublimer, and a nobler ſtrain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearſe:
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verſe,
The votive tablet I ſuſpend * * * *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

WHEREON WERE ALL HER GRANDSONS PAINTED.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long conteſt,
If She created, or He painted beſt;
With pleaſing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She ſtill form'd fairer; He ſtill liker drew.

In

In theſe ſeven brethren they contended laſt,
With art increas'd, their utmoſt ſkill they tried,
And, both well pleas'd they had themſelves ſurpaſs'd,
The Goddeſs triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
That both their ſkill to this vaſt height did raiſe,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praiſe:
For here, as in ſome glaſs, is well deſcry'd
Only yourſelf thus often multiply'd.
When Heaven had You and gracious Anna * made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in ſtore,
It but kept up to theſe, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we ſee
Obliging truth and handſome honeſty,
With all that world of charms, which ſoon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love;
His very grace his fair deſcent aſſures,
He has his mother's beauty, ſhe has yours.
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form;
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, becauſe they're all like you.
If every Ca'ndiſh great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is expreſt,
But on their brow firm courage ſtands confeſt;

* Eldeſt daughter of the Counteſs.

There,

There, their great father, by a ſtrong increaſe,
Adds ſtrength to beauty, and completes the piece:
Thus ſtill your beauty, in your ſons, we view,
Wieſſen ſeven times one great perfection drew:
Whoever ſat, the picture ſtill is you.

So when the parent-ſun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He ſees himſelf improv'd, while every ſtone,
With a reſembling light, reflects a ſun.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
She ſaw the Deity in every ſon:
And to what God ſoe'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In ſhort-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which ſickneſs blaſts, and certain age deſtroys:
Your ſtronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis ſtill renew'd, and ſtamp'd in all your race.

Ah! Wieſſen, had thy art been ſo refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would ſurvive,
And living rules to faireſt virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould ſtill be wonderful, and ſtill be new,
Againſt what time, or ſpite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendiſh's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE,

A FABLE,

FROM PHÆDRUS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDLEY, 1710.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
"What noble part canst thou sustain,
"Thou specious head without a brain?"

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY.

HORACE, I EP. IX. IMITATED.

"Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
"Quanti me facias, &c."

DEAR Dick,* howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Though I plain Mat, you Minister of State:
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place.

* Richard Shelton, Esq.

Thus

Thus better than myſelf, it ſeems, he knows,
How far my intereſt with my patron goes;
And, anſwering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear miſtake.
From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real intereſt have,
Which to my own advantage I would ſave,
And, with the uſual courtier's trick, intend
To ſerve myſelf, forgetful of my friend.
To ſhun this cenſure, I all ſhame lay by,
And make my reaſon with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, Sir, with this epiſtolary ſcroll,
Receive the partner of my inmoſt ſoul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cauſe,
Warm in the glorious intereſt you purſue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

TO

MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

" Ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro." HOR.

I.

IN one great *now*, ſuperior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly Virtue can exalt, or Rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Harley, great counſellor, extends thy fame:
And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V. Faith-

V.

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
Britain with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws,
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A ſtranger to her altars, and her land:
No ſon of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with ſacrificing breath
Softens thy anguiſh: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O breaſt bewail'd by earth, preſerv'd by Heaven!
No higher can aſpiring Virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN

EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE

EARL of OXFORD,

LORD HIGH TREASURER, 1712.

MY LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-ſtreet,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain truſts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble ſtateſman, may'ſt deſcend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To ſee thy ſervant from his ſoul
Crown with thy health the ſprightly bowl;
Among the gueſts which e'er my houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorſet us'd to bleſs the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beſide Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their ſteps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fiſh;
Feaſt lyche as heart of mouſe mote wiſh.
As gueſts ſat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftſoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew ſeated on t'oth' ſide;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe creatures tweine.
Come frame us now ſome clean device,
Or playſant rhyme on yonder mice:
They ſeem, God ſhield me! Mat and Charles.
Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verſe from me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On mouſe, or other beaſt alive.

Certes

Certes I have this many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjuſt, with furred fox,
Harming in ſecret guiſe the flocks;
Ne prieſt unworth of goddeſs coat,
To ſwine ydrunk, or filthy ſtoat:
Elk ſimile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trowe, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene
Matthew is angred on the ſpleen.
Ne ſo, quoth Mat, ne ſhall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all ſo fair:
Eftſoons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by theſe creatures ye have ſeen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The reſt in order to explain.
That cup-board, where the mice diſport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court: *
Therein is ſpace enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and go:
And therein eke may both be fed
With ſhiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as theſe mine eyne ſurvey,
They ceaſe to ſkip, and ſqueak, and play;

* The Exchequer.

Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilſt t'other *tells*.
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whoſe mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz * dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearſeth,
And Mat mote praiſe what Topaz verſeth.
Now, ſure as prieſt did e'er ſhrive ſinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Suſan did her wif-hede well menteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient ſong,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.

* The perſon here ſatirized was Sir Richard Blackmore. N.

Had

Had thilke ſame tale in other guiſe been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and ſhe been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much ſorer trial;
Full marveillous, I vote, were ſilk denyal.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelſt this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

ON A COLUMN OF HER DRAWING.

WHEN future ages ſhall with wonder view
Theſe glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They ſhall confeſs, that Britain could not raiſe
A fairer column to the Father's praiſe.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view ;
Ere Gothick forms were known in Greece
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd piece ;
And in our verſe ere monkiſh rhymes
Had jangled their fantaſtic chimes :
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Thoſe knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :
Protogenes, hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there, a burgeſs, ſcot and lot ;
And, as old Pliny's writings ſhow,
Apelles did the ſame at Co.
Agreed theſe points of time and place,
Proceed we in the preſent caſe.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To ſee a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to cenſure, or commend ;
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He ſails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;
His ſervants follow with the things :
Appears the governante of th' houſe ;
For ſuch in Greece were much in uſe :

If

If young or handſome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, with gracious air,
And court'ſey low, but juſt call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpoſe, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feaſt to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to ſtay,
To ſee our Venus: 'tis the piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they ſay:
But I have no great ſkill that way.
But, Sir, at ſix ('tis now paſt three)
Dromo muſt make my maſter's tea:
At ſix, Sir, if you pleaſe to come,
You'll find my maſter, Sir, at home.
Tea, ſays a critic big with laughter,
Was found ſome twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, ſhould read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, Sir, at preſent would you pleaſe
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious ſtroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you pleaſe, ſweet-heart, ſaid he,
To ſhew your maſter this from me?

By it he preſently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ſying, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all diſaſter,
I'll keep it my ownſelf: ſafe bind,
Says the old proverb, and ſafe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as key or lock—
Your ſervant, Sir,—at ſix o'clock.
Again at ſix Apelles came,
Found the ſame prating civil dame.
Sir, that my maſter has been here,
Will by the board itſelf appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has preſum'd to ſwell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to ſay),
Thus write the painters of this iſle:
Let thoſe of Co remark the ſtyle.
She ſaid; and to his hand reſtor'd
The rival pledge, the miſſive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and eaſy ſhade,
That Paris' apple ſtood confeſt,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breaſt.
Apelles view'd the finiſh'd piece:
And live, ſaid he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;

Howe'er our works may have expreſs'd
Who trueſt drew, or colour'd beſt,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at leaſt I could deſign:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect ſkill can paint.
The dulleſt genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the diſtinguiſh'd part of men,
With compaſs, pencil, ſword, or pen,
Should in life's viſit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour ſtrove to raiſe
At once their arts, and country's praiſe;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, reviſit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, ſerious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honeſt, need I cry?

ON MY

BIRTH-DAY, JULY 21.

I.

I MY dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades ſay;
They bring me muſic, wreaths, and mirth,
And aſk to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe;
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wiſh to die ev'n whilſt I ſay,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I ſalute the riſing ray?
Well-ſpring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda,* thou alone doſt know:
Shall the wreath ſurround my hair?
Or ſhall the muſic pleaſe my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bleſs my birth, and wiſh to live?
Then let me ſee great Venus chaſe
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee ſmiling ſay,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

EPITAPH,

EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

TO me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

AS doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II. Then

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the ſculptor is paid ;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye ;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be ſaid,
For we flatter ourſelves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are ;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he ſmother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleaſure, half care.

IV.

Nor to buſineſs a drudge, nor to faction a ſlave,
He ſtrove to make intereſt and freedom agree ;
In public employments induſtrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he !

V.

Now in equipage ſtately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would truſt ;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but duſt.

VI.

This verſe little poliſh'd, though mighty ſincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view ;
It ſays that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII. Fierce

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infeſt the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
Falſe witneſs at court, and fierce tempeſts at ſea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in ſea, fly in air,
To fate we muſt yield, and the thing is the ſame.
And if paſſing thou giv'ſt him a ſmile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

DUM ſtudeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
Arctoa florens ſophiâ, Samiſque ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quos ſpondeo, cœli;
Nullaque ſint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula ſit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique ſuperſtes, Homo; qui nihil, eſto Deus.

Attamen

Attamen eſſe hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil, eſſe velit:
Nam ſophia ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the buſy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates ſay,
And Samian ſounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man reſigns his tranſient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts diſſolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I ſee to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' æthereal ſoul,
Nor can change vanquiſh, nor can death control.
Glad I releaſe it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the ſtars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown thoſe ſighs,
Which, ſpite of wiſdom, from our weakneſs riſe.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;

On its dark ſide if thou the proſpect take ;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake ;
In total death ſuppoſe the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future ſky :
Yet bear thy lot content ; yet ceaſe to grieve :
Why, ere death comes, doſt thou forbear to live ?
The little time thou haſt, 'twixt inſtant now
And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow :
And of this little haſt thou aught to ſpare
To ſad reflection, and corroding care ?
The moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant memory of the bliſs they gave.
The preſent hours in preſent mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy :
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt ; nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

THE

FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The God for ever great, for ever king,
Who ſlew the Earth-born race, and meaſures right
To heaven's great habitants ? Dictæan hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long diſpute

And

And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dicte, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The Cretan boaſts thy natal place: but oft'
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the fame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
Pregnant to high Parrhaſia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! ſithence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The ponderous birth; ſhe ſought a neighbouring ſpring
To waſh the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
(However ſtreamy) now aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the Goddeſs water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot ſmoak'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thirſty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns: foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs. She ſaid; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,

And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: ſhe wrapt them
In purple bands: ſhe gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and ſecret; Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldeſt. Smiling, ſhe receiv'd thee,
And, conſcious of the grace, abſolv'd her truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful ſtream.
Faſt by her flowery bank the ſons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnoſſus Neda brought; the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their ſacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-ſtars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat diſtent
With milk, thy early food: the ſedulous bee
Diſtill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order ſolemn
To thy fore-knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their myſtic dance, and clang'd their ſounding arms,
Induſtrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's ſons receiv'd the three-fold empire

Of

Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy ſhare,
In equal balance laid 'gainſt ſea or hell,
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power above thy brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous ſtrength
And fiery ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.
Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleening armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes Diana's hand, who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs, who ſpreads his net ſucceſsful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier, from ſucceſsful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,

Who

Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend ſubordinate
To what thy will deſigns, thou giv'ſt the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou ſeeſt impartial
How they thoſe means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to thoſe are given
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months, revolving years to ſome;
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greateſt ſon of Saturn, wiſe diſpoſer
Of every good: thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts leſs power,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift!

THE

SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

HA! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulſe; and the fever'd bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering ſwans, their throats releas'd
From native ſilence, carol ſounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious ſilence; and the dance,
In myſtic numbers trod, explain the muſic.
But firſt, by ardent prayer, and clear luſtration,
Purge the contagious ſpots of human weakneſs:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flouriſh, favour'd by the God,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With ſilver hair, and fair deſcent of children!
So lay foundations for aſpiring cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading colonies increaſe!

Pay ſacred reverence to Apollo's ſong;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And ſeas ſubſide, obedient to the ſound

Of

Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor muſt ſad Niobe
In fruitleſs ſorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapleſs mother!
Whoſe fondneſs could compare her mortal offspring
To thoſe which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He, that reſiſts the power of Ptolemy,
Reſiſts the power of heaven; for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praiſe, till night draws on,
The ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your ſongs.
Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo ſits,
And thence diſtributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verſe perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow, are gold: with golden ſandals
His feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his ſteps the yellow mineral riſes,
And earth reveals her treaſures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks: from his fair head
Perfumes diſtill their ſweets; and cheerful Health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With laviſh hand diffuſes ſcents ambroſial.
The ſpearman's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,

Inſpir'd by thee, compoſes verſe immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the ſage phyſician
Eludes the urn; and chains or exiles death.
Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk; the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder;
And ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bleſt the cattle,
On which Apollo caſt his favouring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind ſiſter to thy infant deity,
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
Of ſtags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
Theſe with diſcerning hand thou knew'ſt to range
(Young as thou waſt), and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic ſkill, and myſtic order,
Thou ſhew'ſt where towers or battlements ſhould riſe,
Where gates ſhould open, or where walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy childiſh paſtime man receiv'd
The future ſtrength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan ſtrand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country deſtin'd the auſpicious ſeat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whoſe oath is ſure, and promiſe ſtands eternal.

Or

Or Boëdromian hear'ſt thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettled in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feaſts, kind God, and bleſs thy altars
Smoaking with hecatombs of ſlaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high prieſt and favour'd friend,
Had erſt ordain'd; and with myſterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their ſons to worſhip.
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!

The yellow crocus there and fair narciſſus
Reſerve the honours of their winter-ſtore,
To deck thy temple; till returning ſpring
Diffuſes Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the ſoft ſouth-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their ſweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires ſhine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feaſt is held;
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging ſwords and ſhields they beat
The dreadful meaſure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: ſuch rites
To thee well pleaſing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece tranſplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,

And lands determin'd for their laſt abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid foreſt
Diſpers'd; when from Myrtuſa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auſpicious to the city,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair-one view
Her typic people; thou with pleaſure taught'ſt her
To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion,
And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy paſſion,
Was aided by thy power! The monſtrous Python
Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great ſtrength and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the ſafety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy, thy lateſt foe, ſuggeſted thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial
Thoſe poets who write little? Vaſt and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a ſmall rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:
Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent ſtill augmenting,
His wave ſtill more defil'd: mean while the nymphs
Meliſſan,

Meliſſan, ſacred and recluſe to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly uſe, from little urns
Pour ſtreams ſelect, and purity of waters.
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verboſe, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeaſurable; while thy favour
Adminiſters to my ambitious thirſt
The wholeſome draught from Aganippe's ſpring
Genuine, and with ſoft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels ſung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw
When Moſes gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy power exerted in my breaſt,

Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded prayer;
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair;
A tymbal's ſound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noiſe.
Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with juſt reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bound and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates its power,
And, finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.
As, through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs,
A little we diſcover, but allow
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow:
So, whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),

High

High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet we are able only to ſurvey
Dawning of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd;
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.
Then conſtant Faith and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive—
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

IT oft' to many has ſucceſsful been,
Upon his arm to let his miſtreſs lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently ſqueeze her knees, or preſs her feet.
All public ſports, to favour young deſire,
With opportunities like this conſpire.

Ev'n

Ev'n where his ſkill the gladiator ſhows,
With human blood where the Arena flows;
There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to deſtroy:
While the ſpectator gazes on the fight,
And ſees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty miſtreſs entertains,
And wagers with her who the conqueſt gains;
Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he ſees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX;

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING, WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENCE OF MR. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this ſpire by meaſure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabrick riſes high as heaven,
Whoſe baſis on devotion ſtands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare;
But Charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Beſt be he call'd among good men,
Who to his GOD this column rais'd:

Though

Though lightning ſtrike the dome again,
The man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd:
Yet ſpires and towers in duſt ſhall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And Faith and Hope themſelves ſhall die,
While deathleſs Charity remains.

A L M A:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάνλα γέλως, καὶ πάνλα κόνις, καὶ πάνλα τὸ μηδέν·
Πάνλα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων εστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.
Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or were
From ſtory is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they ſpoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuſcript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we ſtill regret.
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt!
Yet leſs our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains

* Himſelf. † Mr. Shelton. ‡ Tonſon.

Shall

Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here Matthew said,
Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, flap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;
While every where she rules the roast.
This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;

And

And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.
Without theſe aids, to be more ſerious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conſpir'd her ruin,
And ſhe not known what they were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That they ſhould ſee, and ſhe be blind.
Wiſe Nature likewiſe, they ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two conduits down our noſe:
Could Alma elſe with judgment tell
When *cabbage* ſtinks, or *roſes* ſmell?
Or who would aſk for her opinion
Between an *oyſter* and an *onion?*
For from moſt bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits aſk leave to flow;
And, as through theſe canals they roll,
Bring up a ſample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewiſe judges of the taſte.
Elſe (diſmal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Miſtake ſmall-beer for *citron*-waters.
Hence too, that ſhe might better hear,
She ſets a drum at either ear:
And, loud or gentle, harſh or ſweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

Laſt

Laſt, to enjoy her ſenſe of feeling
(A thing ſhe much delights to deal in),
A thouſand little nerves ſhe ſends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;
And theſe in gratitude again
Return their ſpirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As juſt before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the caſe,
As ſhe had been upon the place.
Thus, while the judge gives different journies
To country council and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet ſits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and ſleeps at Rome,
And very ſeldom ſtirs from home:
Yet, ſending forth his holy ſpies,
And having heard what they adviſe,
He rules the church's bleſt dominions,
And ſets men's faith by his opinions.
The ſcholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confeſs
The difference but from more to leſs.
The Mind, ſay they, while you ſuſtain
To hold her ſtation in the brain;
You grant, at leaſt, ſhe is extended:
Ergo the whole diſpute is ended.
For till to-morrow ſhould you plead,
From form and ſtructure of the head,

The Mind as viſibly is ſeen
Extended through the whole *machine*.
Why ſhould all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly ſee,
Each in his way, as briſk as he?
For muſic, grant the head receive it,
It is the artiſt's hand that gave it;
And, though the ſkull may wear the laurel,
The ſoldier's arm ſuſtains the quarrel.
Beſides, the noſtrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A fooliſh figure he muſt make;
Do nothing elſe but ſleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can ſhow
How to the head the ſpirits go;
Thoſe ſpirits ſtarted from ſome goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we ſhould hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this caſe,
Of *Num-ſcull's* ſelf ſhould take the place:
Diſputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all ſenſation is but touch.

Dip

Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correſpondent teeth will chatter:
And, ſtrike the bottom of your feet,
You ſet your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confeſs that feeling lies all over.
  Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The members firſt, and then the uſe.
What each muſt act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.
  A man firſt builds a country-ſeat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering ſees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet Poet and Philoſopher
Was he, who durſt ſuch whims aver.
Bleſt, for his ſake, be human reaſon,
That came at all, though late in ſeaſon.
But no man ſure e'er left his houſe,
  And ſaddled Ball, with thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a midwife to his ſpouſe,
  Before he knew ſhe was with-child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
  Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
  That taught them both to ſow and knead.

Before they're aſk'd, can maids refuſe?
Can—Pray, ſays Dick, hold in your Muſe.
While you Pindaric truths rehearſe,
She hobbles in *alternate* verſe.
Verſe! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, ſoft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *faleſman's* trade;
As if ſhe haply had ſat down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then ſent them out to Monmouth-ſtreet,
To try what perſons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *theſis* find a failure.
Should whims like theſe his head perplex,
How could he work for either ſex?
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a piſmire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with ſtudious pleaſure
Your ſhape, before he takes your meaſure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an *ideal* goddeſs.
No error near his ſhop-board lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their ſize he aim'd his ſkill:
Elſe, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if Chance herſelf ſhould vary,
Obſerve, how matters would miſcarry:
Acroſs your eyes, friend, place your ſhoes;
Your ſpectacles upon your toes:

Then

Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk, or see.
But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shews the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.
The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells sound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his *scheme;*
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *second-sight;*
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.
Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,

Atteſt, that, if their comments find
The traces of their maſter's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t' other ſect deny;
Simplicius, Theophraſt, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verſe to ſtand.
They wonder men ſhould have miſtook
The *tenets* of their maſter's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and ſeiz'd by death.
Now which were wiſe? and which were fools?
Poor Alma ſits between two ſtools:
The more ſhe reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilſt we our own affairs purſue.
  Theſe different *ſyſtems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now, to bring things to fair concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian ink's effuſion,
Let me propoſe an healing *ſcheme*,
And ſail along the middle ſtream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
  Old Ariſtotle with Gaſſendus,
How many would admire our toil!
  And yet how few would comprehend us!
  Here, Richard, let my *ſcheme* commence:
Oh! may my words be loſt in ſenſe!

While

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The ſlips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My ſimple *ſyſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all theſe under-regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the waiſt;
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter,
As we ſhall ſhew at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her lateſt ſtage.
From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and ſhort, ſays Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Obſerve the progreſs of the motion.
Firſt, I demonſtratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs deſire to come and go,
For they have nothing elſe to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind thoſe parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt Alma, newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own chriſtening's din,

Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young Alma's caſe;
As in a luckleſs gameſter's place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.
Again; as ſhe grows ſomething ſtronger,
And maſter's feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or ſhews his *loco-motive* tricks;
Theſe firſt aſſaults fat Kate repays him;
When half aſleep, ſhe overlays him.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly ſtage,
Broom-ſtaff or poker they beſtride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With ſupplemental hobby-horſes:
And happy be their infant courſes!
Hence for ſome years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their legs, you ſee, direct their will;
From opening morn till ſetting ſun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can ſay.
To her next ſtage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the thighs,
With *ſympathetic* power ſhe warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;

While

While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stool-ball seen;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms spontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now she makes:
O need I name the feat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love:
So to the priest their case they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.
But, O my Muse, just distance keep;
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd;

And that young life and quickening ſenſe
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that ſeat he darts thoſe beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial flames.
Dick, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtrok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then ſlapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, ſweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you aſſign'd him.
Love's advocates! Dick, who are thoſe?—
The Poets, you may well ſuppoſe.
I'm ſorry, Sir, you have diſcarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Proſe-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient friends.
In cor ſtillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The ſelf-ſame thing ſoft Ovid ſays
(A proper judge in ſuch a caſe).
Horace's phraſe is, *torret jecur;*
And happy was that curious ſpeaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this paſſion.
What ſignifies too long quotation?
In Ode and Epic, plain the caſe is,
That Love holds one of theſe two places.
Dick, without paſſion or reflection,
I'll ſtrait demoliſh this objection.

First,

Firſt, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garniſh this, and that for uſe;
And, in the ſtructure of their feaſts,
They ſeek to feed and pleaſe their gueſts:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roaſt-beef and veniſon is your fare;
Thence you proceed to ſwan and buſtard,
And perſevere in tart and cuſtard:
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal;
And painted flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of ſenſe his meat devours,
But only ſmells the peel and flowers;
And he muſt be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the ſtreamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and ſparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The ſon is ſharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have ſometimes ſhown
A myſtic ſenſe, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards deviſe,
That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where's the ſenſe, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or ſober maggots bit :
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The ſage Philoſopher recanted.
His grave Epiſtles may diſprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother ;
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that winds and ſeas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inſpire his verſes.

Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
That ſhe and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardleſs of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove
Where lies the real ſeat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe ;
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh Muſe
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
In proſe our property is greater :
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre ?

If

If Cupid throws a ſingle dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart:*
But, if he takes his bow and quiver;
'Tis ſure, he muſt transfix the *liver:*
For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe,
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.

But let your friends in verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe;
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *liver* minds his own affair;
Kindly ſupplies our public uſes,
And parts and ſtrains the vital juices;
Still lays ſome uſeful bile aſide,
To tinge the chyle's inſipid tide:
Elſe we ſhould want both gibe and ſatyr;
And all be burſt with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witneſs,
And love is all delight and ſweetneſs.
My *logic* then has loſt its aim,
If ſweet and bitter be the ſame:
And he, methinks, is no great ſcholar,
Who can miſtake deſire for choler.

The like may of the *heart* be ſaid;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo:*
And mighty phyſical their fear is;
For, ſoon as noiſe of combat near is,
Their heart, deſcending to their breeches,
Muſt give their ſtomach cruel twitches.

But

But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The ſtrings of which, in battles heat,
Againſt their very *corſlets* beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's meaſure,
And yield them moſt exceſſive pleaſure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itſelf exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the ſeat
Of fond deſire, and fell debate?
Muſt people only take delight in
Thoſe hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
Theſe notions then I think but idle;
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the middle.
This truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conqueſt muſt aſſuage,
He grows diſpirited and low;
He hates the fight, and ſhuns the foe.
In ſcornful ſloth Achilles ſlept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and ſlaughter,
Till they brought back the Parſon's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing, Aſia loſt:

His

His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—
France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree;
When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame;
And in his pleasure lost his fame.
Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.

For ſome in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

BUT ſhall we take the Muſe abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our ſubject in the middle,
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble negligences teach
What others toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after ſome diſtinguiſh'd leap,
He drops his pole, and ſeems to ſlip,
Straight gathering all his active ſtrength,
He riſes higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his flight,
And owe your pleaſure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
Falſe *mimic* of my maſter's dance;
Around the cord awhile I ſprawl,
And thence, though low, in earneſt fall.
My preface tells you, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.

I like,

I like, quoth Dick, your *ſmile*,
And, in return, take two from me.
As maſters in the *clare obſcure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they ſpread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from theſe colours oddly mix'd,
Your ſight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whoſe clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the ſtuffs they vary,
And things are beſt as moſt contrary;
The gown, with ſtiff embroidery ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter lining;
The out-, if Indian figure ſtain,
The in-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digreſſion temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And *furbelow* the plain diſcourſe.
Richard, quoth Mat, theſe words of thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my *theme*,
However thou may'ſt praiſe or blame.
As people marry now, and ſettle,
Fierce Love abates his uſual mettle:
Worldly deſires, and houſehold cares,
Diſturb the Godhead's ſoft affairs:

So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compaſs Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or ſolid whimſies move.
So merchant has his houſe in town,
And country-ſeat near Banſted-down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t'other, at his hours of leiſure,
He ſmokes his pipe, and takes his pleaſure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Laſh'd on by time, grows tir'd and ſtupid.
For ſtory and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends ſecure;
He ſighs for freedom, ſhe for power:
His wiſhes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
Thus paſſion flags by ſlow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted leſs,
The buſy mind does ſeldom go
To thoſe once-charming ſeats below;
But, in the breaſt incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man ſuſpects his lady's crying
(When he laſt autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could ſwoon when ſhe was ſick;

And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.
Thus, having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.
Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And Gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat
In quiet governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:

One to Atrides I will ſend,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince ſhall thus with honour have
What both ſo warmly ſeem to crave:
The wrath of Gods and man ſhall ceaſe,
And Poltis live and die in peace.
  Dick, if this ſtory pleaſeth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
  Howe'er ſwift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs ſhe finds the very ſame,
In place, and dignity, and name:
Theſe dwell at ſuch convenient diſtance,
That each may give his friend aſſiſtance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma truſt,
She ne'er regards which goes the firſt.
Teague could make neither of them ſtay,
When with himſelf he ran away.
The man who ſtruggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilſt one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay ſtill.
And, when you ſhoot, and ſhut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.

No,

No, Sir; whilſt he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the ſurer aim.
One moment if his beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
Some limbs again, in bulk or ſtature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Becauſe one ſerves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more ſlow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A ſtander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himſelf perceives he gave it.
The amorous eyes thus always go
A-ſtrolling for their friends below;
For, long before the ſquire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere viſits yet are brought about,
The eye by ſympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he ſees, is ſure to greet her,
Though at ſaſh-window, on the ſtairs,
At court, nay (authors ſay) at prayers.—

The funeral of ſome valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; theſe declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt ſpurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The ſword hang dangling o'er the ſhield?
Which ſhews the breaſt, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to truſt to:
And, by the peep-holes in his creſt,
Is it not virtually confeſt
That there his eyes took diſtant aim,
And glanc'd reſpect to that bright dame,
In whoſe delight his hope was center'd,
And for whoſe glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my general *ſyſtem*
May riſe perhaps; and I have miſt them:
But I can call to my aſſiſtance
Proximity (mark that!) and diſtance;
Can prove that all things, on occaſion,
Love union, and deſire adheſion;
That Alma merely is a ſcale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither ſide turn down nor up,
With loſs or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.
This, Richard, is a curious caſe:
Suppoſe your eyes ſent equal rays

Upon

Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your sense resolv'd impels your will:
She guides your hand—so drink your fill.
  Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal banniers sway'd?
Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive state
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
  Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take its course;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at *ombre* or *basset*),

Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We ſure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourſelves both cut and ſhuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a ſtander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do ſome impulſive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.
Thus, to ſave further contradiction
Againſt what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying that you think or walk,
How like a country ſquire you talk!
Mark then;—Where fancy, or deſire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly ſong.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Through Macer's gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.

And, void of modeſty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endleſs draught.
Through the ſoft ſex again ſhe ranges,
As youth, caprice, or faſhion, changes.
Fair Alma, careleſs and ſerene,
In Fanny's ſprightly eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their infant beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their flames.
Again fair Alma ſits confeſt
On Florimel's experter breaſt;
When ſhe the riſing ſigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels ſhows:
When Jenny's ſtays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waiſt;
And when the ſwelling hoop ſuſtains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower ſpace to enter,
Of the large round herſelf the centre.
Again: that ſingle limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature),
Which moſt did Alma's paſſion move
In the firſt object of her love,
For ever will be found confeſt,
And printed on the amorous breaſt.
O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's ſong.

Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall ſee the crime he ſtrives to hide,
And, ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The God ſhall to his votaries tell
Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloiſa's face.
Happy the poet, bleſt the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe!
Next, Dick, as youth and habit ſways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilſt a boy, Jack ran from ſchool,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his ſpeed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair;
His feet, however lame, you find
Have got the better of his mind.
If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at ſixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.

In

In public maſk, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldſmiths-hall,
All Chriſtmas long away ſhe trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her ſtay,
And age or palſey bar the way.
But, if thoſe images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She ſtill renews the ancient ſcene,
Forgets the forty-years between:
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her ſcarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her ſon, to wed her page.
If Alma, whilſt the man was young,
Slipp'd up too ſoon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic ſkill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any point if you diſpute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change ſides, and you increaſe your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may ſpeak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the curſe,
To plead bad cauſes down to worſe:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again:

Again: if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass!);
For ever more all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe, though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.
You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick:
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation;
And lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.
But we'll descant on general nature:
This is a system, not a satire.

Turn we this globe, and let us ſee
How different nations diſagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you ſmell and taſte
The ſoils through which it roſe and paſt;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where ſhe was born and bred.
One people from their ſwaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to theſe limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma ſettled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens ſprung.
Obſerve but in theſe neighbouring lands
The different uſe of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles theſe, and thoſe in tropes.
In Britain's iſles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on ſome great occaſion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverſe appears;
Long coats the haughty huſband wears,
And greets his wife with angry ſpeeches,
If ſhe be ſeen without her breeches.

In our fantaſtic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breaſt and head
Freſh flowers their mingled odours ſhed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth moſt humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfaſt and his love:
And, if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double ſenſe muſt die.

We ſimple toaſters take delight
To ſee our women's teeth look white,
And every ſaucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women ſweet,
Except their ſnags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on ſtatute, *Ivory Teeth*.

At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half ſo kind.

Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
And there obſerve the gentry dreſt.

Prince Giolo, and his royal ſiſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely bliſters;
The marks remaining on the ſkin,
To tell the quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd ſlaſhes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or ſtate,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a ſampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the ſame ſuit for uſe and ſhow:
And at a ſmall expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.
  Weſtward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with fat of bear:
Before you ſee, you ſmell your toaſt;
And ſweeteſt ſhe who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt ſparks and cleaneſt beaux
Drip from the ſhoulders to the toes:
How ſleek their ſkins! their joints how eaſy!
There ſlovens only are not greaſy.
  I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To maſter John the Engliſh maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vaſt delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, ſhew a Hebrew's hopeful ſon
Where we ſuppoſe the book begun,

The child would thank you for your kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er ſo faſt,
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.
An equal inſtance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmleſs maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurſe,
Her friends would look on her the orſe.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the Britiſh ſhips unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to ſhore,
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beſeeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor miſs Yaya dreads the ſhame
Of going back the maid ſhe came.
Obſerve how cuſtom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, ſhe ſlips away,
And what to do, one need not ſay.
Now ſee how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herſelf amongſt the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant ſoul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the bowl;

And ſprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace —
To cloſe this point, we need not roam
For inſtances ſo far from home.
What parts gay France from ſober Spain?
A little riſing rocky chain.
Of men born ſouth or north o'th' hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move, theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far diſtant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the firſt prince in Chriſtendom.
Chooſe then, good Pope, at home to ſtay,
Nor weſtward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy ſhould'ſt thou také
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged prieſt no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy ſex is loſt, thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That ſome few leagues ſhould make this change,
To men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.
But need we, friend, inſiſt on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiſs,
All your philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other ſide a river.
Here, with an artful ſmile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick —

The bard, on this extenſive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, caſt your eye
By night upon a winter-ſky:
Caſt it by day-light on the ſtrand,
Which compaſſes fair Albion's land:
If you can count the ſtars that glow
Above, or ſands that lie below,
Into thoſe common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
Theſe I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'ſt at thy leiſure read.
For, ſtanding every critic's rage,
I ſafely will to future age
My *ſyſtem*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over ſpight and death.

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half aſleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer ſilence keep;
And ſenſe like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phraſe too harſh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to ſpeak;
If 'tis not ſenſe, at leaſt 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leaſing,
Say things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing,
Then prove what they have once aſſerted,
Nor care to have their lie deſerted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as, again, thoſe amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the firſt their wild deſire
Was but to quench a preſent fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They ſeldom let the bantling roar
In baſket at a neighbour's door;
But, by the flattering glaſs of nature
Viewing themſelves in *cake-bread's* feature,
With ſerious thought and care ſupport
What only was begun in ſport:
Juſt ſo with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philoſophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you meaſure,
To gratify your private pleaſure;
Till airy ſeeds of caſual wit
Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget;
And, pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended
Beyond what you at firſt intended,
The happy whimſey you purſue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.

Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature caſt my eye,
This axiom clearly I diſcern,
That one muſt teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilſt he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his liſtening ſcholars ſtand,
Their mouth ſtill cover'd with their hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking youth,
Leſs friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the muſic of the ſpheres;
Deny'd all tranſmigrating ſcenes,
And introduc'd the uſe of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his ſubtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Iſaac look,
If you, in anſwer to his book,
Say in the front of your diſcourſe,
That things have no elaſtic force!
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philoſophic* ſtone,
If you more powerful reaſons bring,
To prove that there is no ſuch thing?
Your chiefs in ſciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find ſhe giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:

And

And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell
What ſhe herſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though ſhe has told them ten times o'er.
In can't—it may be—and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt Alma truſt?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if ſhe doubts, or no.
Can *ſyllogiſm* ſet things right?
No: *majors* ſoon with *minors* fight;
Or, both in friendly conſort join'd,
The *conſequence* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome cunning man ſhe goes,
And aſks of him, how much ſhe knows.
With patience grave he hears her ſpeak,
And from his ſhort notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the account the loſer brings,
The Conjuror knows who ſtole the things.
'Squire (interrupted Dick) ſince when
Were you amongſt theſe cunning men?
Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence ſpoil my diſcourſe.
I tell thee, this is Alma's caſe,
Still aſking what ſome wiſe man ſays,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all muſt grant, though few can ſpell.
You tell your doctor that y'are ill:
And what does he, but write a bill?

Of which you need not read one letter:
The worſe the ſcrawl, the doſe the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he muſt break.
Ideas, *forms*, and *intellects*,
Have furniſh'd out three different ſects.
Subſtance, or *accident*, divides
All Europe into adverſe ſides.
Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You muſt have friends to back your cauſe;
In *philoſophic* matters ſo
Your judgment muſt with others' go:
For as in ſenates, ſo in ſchools,
Majority of voices rules.
Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haſte, and quick ſurpriſe,
From every leaf that ſtirs, ſhe flies;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She ſlights what erſt ſhe ſingly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares purſue, if they dare lead;
As their example ſtill prevails,
She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.
He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himſelf, becomes a fool;
As party man, who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *whimſical** at beſt.

* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were diſtinguiſhed by that appellation.

Now,

Now, by your favour, maſter Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I ſmell a rat.
I muſt be liſted in your ſect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all miſtruſt and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray anſwer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure, and then be wiſe.
The man within the coach that ſits,
And to another's ſkill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (whate'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives.
So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er diſcloſe
In ſmooth-pac'd verſe, or hobbling proſe.
Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:
And thou may'ſt prove as wiſe as I.
When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finiſh'd her aſcending ſtages,
Into the head at length ſhe gets,
And there in public grandeur ſits,
To judge of things, and cenſure wits.
Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surpriſe my readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum!*
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater!*

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And, with inceſſant toil and ſtrife,
Would keep poſſeſſion during life.
I could demonſtrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her ſtore;
And to an inch compute the ſtation
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could diſplay much learning,
At leaſt to men of ſmall diſcerning.
The brain contains ten thouſand cells:
In each ſome active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The ſeveral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thouſand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her ſtudious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each ſtill renews her little labour,
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous neighbour:
Each—whilſt this *theſis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy head diſſected!
My head! quoth Dick, to ſerve your whim!
Spare that, and take ſome other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *ſyſtem*,
Wiſe men propoſe; but fools aſſiſt 'em.
Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed!

Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his way.
Bleſs your conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendſhip, live and die
A papiſt in philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plaineſt man alive may tell ye,
Her ſeat of empire is the belly:
From hence ſhe ſends out thoſe ſupplies,
Which makes us either ſtout or wiſe;
The ſtrength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Riſe in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You muſt be fed as well as taught.
Your ſtomach makes your fabrick roll,
Juſt as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The ſtrength deſign'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, ſpread
On toaſts of ammunition bread:
But, by his mother ſent away,
Amongſt the Thracian girls to play,

Effeminate he ſat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheeſe-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngſter, who at nine and three
Drinks with his ſiſters milk and tea,
From breakfaſt reads till twelve o' clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke:
He pays due viſits after noon
To couſin Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-houſe or play
Returning, finiſhes the day.
But, give him port and potent ſack,
From *milkſop* he ſtarts up *Mohack*;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the ſtreet at midnight ſcowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glaſſes,
And thence proceeds to nicking ſaſhes;
Till, by ſome tougher hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, ſtrikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Obſerve the various operations
Of food and drink in ſeveral nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the ſtrength of water-gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand his rage and force,
If firſt he rides, then eats his horſe?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian ſpark's guïtar.

And,

And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cauſe this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they proviſions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.
  Hunger and thirſt, or guns and ſwords,
Give the ſame death in different words.
To puſh this argument no further;
To ſtarve a man, in law is murther.
  As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful ſprings are ſeen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their ſecondary power
From that which ſimply points the hour.
For, though thoſe gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not ſwear, but Quare would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would ſtill a watch remain:
But, if the *horal* orbit ceaſes,
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go ſell the caſe.
So, if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The goings of this clock-work man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the ſtomach's ſolid ſtroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.

If

If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship ſtands ſtill;
Or, laſtly, break his *politic*-weight,
His voice no longer rules the ſtate.
Yet, if theſe finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, would ſtill go on;
But ſpoil the engine of digeſtion,
And you entirely change the queſtion.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jeſt, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceaſes all the worldly buſtle,
And you conſign the corpſe to Ruſſel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *ſyſtem*, without my addition,
Is in a very ſad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horſe,
Fit for the war, or road, or courſe;
His mouth was ſoft, his eye was good,
His foot was ſure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horſe was dead.
Dick, from theſe inſtances and fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of horſes, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine*:
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herſelf has ſtruck;

But leaves to ſtanders-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like ſongs in love:
They muſt deſcribe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Toſt up his noſe, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he ſaid:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find Gods to help them out.)
Friend Richard, I begin to ſee,
That you and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and you allow.
We *ſyſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *theſis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In caſe the thing before was eaſy.
But, in a point obſcure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reaſon we can ſhew,
Why matters this or that way go,

The

The ſhorteſt way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And falſe to all the world beſide.
That old philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Becauſe he walk'd againſt his will,
He fac'd men down, that he ſtood ſtill.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulſe and heat),
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chryſippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bleſs him!) to aſſure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both falſe and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, ſo little can our mind
Of matter or of ſpirit find,
That we by gueſs at leaſt may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all diſcuſs, but few can clear;
As nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-ends, to croſs-bite wit:
Circles to ſquare, and cubes to double,
Would give a man exceſſive trouble;

The

The longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpite of Whiſton and his bombs.
What *ſyſtem*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cauſe why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
In points like theſe we muſt agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet ſtill, unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt we can;
With care our *ſyſtem* ſtill renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou ſeeſt, in quaint diſpute,
By dint of *logic*, ſtrike thee mute;
With learned ſkill, now puſh, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worſt,
Never conclude the point diſcours'd.
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the diſputant deſcend,
To ſhew thee, I aſſume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So moſt philoſophers have done)
It makes my *ſyſtem* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, ſaid Dick, dear friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who firſt offend will firſt complain.

Thou

Thou wiſheſt I ſhould make to ſhore;
Yet ſtill putt'ſt in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In proſe, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where),
Labour'd and puſh'd amidſt the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord ſave us! why do people preſs!
Another, marking his diſtreſs,
Friendly reply'd, plump gentleman,
Get out as faſt as e'er you can;
Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.
  Says Dick, your moral does not need
The leaſt return; ſo e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank you for't.
  Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magiſterial, thus went on.
  Now, Alma ſettles in the head,
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, ſtrife:
Behold on both ſides men advance,
To form in earneſt Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not uſing half his ſtore,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the preſent tun, for fear
The vintage ſhould be bad next year;

And

And eats to-day with inward ſorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *ſurtout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *ſonata* on his viol,
Unleſs he had the total gut
Whence every ſtring at firſt was cut?
When Rarus ſhews you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that ſame hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind ſo much is croſt,
For part of his Petronius loſt,
That he can never take the pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What toil did honeſt Curio take,
What ſtrict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman ſet!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of theſe no more you hear him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
Theſe, rang'd and ſhew'd, ſhall in their turns
Remain obſcure as in their urns.

My

My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And simple odes too many show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: such truths are worth receiving.
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting:
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,

* Mr. Shelton's son.

Which

Which elſe would on thy hand remain ;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again ;
And cards are dealt, and cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the pain of coward thought :
Happy reſult of human wit!
That Alma may herſelf forget.
Dick, thus we act ; and thus we are,
Or toſs'd by hope, or ſunk by care.
With endleſs pain this man purſues
What, if he gain'd, he could not uſe :
And t' other fondly hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by uſe, go wrong by rules,
In geſture grave, in action fools :
We join hypocriſy to pride,
Doubling the faults we ſtrive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme ſurpriſe,
We find ourſelves at ſixty wiſe,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh one ;
Whilſt, as my *ſyſtem* ſays, the mind
Is to theſe upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd ſenſe, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My Poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks ſuſtain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in theſe times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?

As Brentford kings, diſcreet and wiſe,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of ſtate;
Stunn'd and worn out with endleſs chat
Of Will did this, and Nan ſaid that;
She finds, poor thing, ſome little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, muſt make,
Through which ſhe wings her deſtin'd way;
Upward ſhe ſoars, and down drops clay:
While ſome ſurviving friend ſupplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
Which muſt decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her preſent rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho waſh her hands in milk,
And twiſt our thread with gold and ſilk;
Would ſhe, in friendſhip, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And ſhould we both in this condition
Have conquer'd Love, and worſe Ambition
(Elſe thoſe two paſſions, by the way,
May chance to ſhew us ſcurvy play);
Then, Richard, then ſhould we ſit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;

I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head

May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
  Tir'd with theſe thoughts—Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philoſophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate ſpins us longer years,
Or is in haſte to take the ſhears,
I know we muſt both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.
Yet, let the Goddeſs ſmile or frown,
Bread we ſhall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champaigne* or muddled *port*.
What need of books theſe truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot ſpell?
And muſt we ſpectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
  Sir, if it be your wiſdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleaſing notion:
But, if you would depreſs my thought,
Your *ſyſtem* is not worth a groat—
  For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like ſimple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?
E'en let him of ideas ſpeak
To heathens in his native Greek.

If

If to be ſad is to be wiſe,
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever Socrates has ſaid,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
Dear Drift, * to ſet our matters right,
Remove theſe papers from my ſight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Ariſtotle:
Here! Jonathan, your maſter's bottle.

* Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A

POEM

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ὁ Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πέλει.

EURIP.

"Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repu-
"erascam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recusem."

CIC. de Senect.

"The *bewailing of man's miseries* hath been elegantly and
"copiously set forth by many in the writings as well
"of Philosophers as Divines; and is both a pleasant
"and a profitable contemplation."

BACON.

PREFACE.

IT is hard for a man to ſpeak of himſelf with any tolerable ſatisfaction or ſucceſs: he can be more pleaſed in blaming himſelf, than in reading a ſatire made on him by another: and though he may juſtly deſire that a friend ſhould praiſe him; yet, if he makes his own panegyrick, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to ſpeak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the publick are his judges: by allowing too much, and condeſcending too far, he may injure his own cauſe, and become a kind of *felo de ſe;* and, by pleading and aſſerting too boldly, he may diſpleaſe the court that ſits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accuſation. I would avoid theſe extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would ſay ſomething to perſuade him to take it as it is, or to excuſe it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reaſonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Eccleſiaſtes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford ſubjects for finer poems in every kind, than

than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the "simplex duntaxat & unum," which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalic or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The

The chief perſonage, or character, in the Epic is always proportioned to the deſign of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to ſhew us, in his Iliad, that diſſenſions amongſt great men obſtruct the execution of the nobleſt enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a ſtate or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty and paſſionate, impatient of any reſtraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odyſſes, the ſame Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt afflictions. Ulyſſes therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's deſign was to tell us, how, from a ſmall colony eſtabliſhed by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire roſe; and from what ancient families Auguſtus (who was his prince and patron) deſcended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, ſtill diſtinguiſhed and protected by the favour of the gods. The Poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulyſſes; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the perſon of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. Taſſo's Gieruſalemme Liberata is directly Troy Town Sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has ſeparated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great ſucceſs. Ronſard's Franciade (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His Hero comes

comes from a foreign country, ſettles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt Italian and French Poets in the Epic. In our language, Spenſer has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finiſhed) muſt have ended in the account which every Knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praiſes of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another caſt and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is obſervable, that every Hero (as far as we can judge by the books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed character, and repreſents ſome particular virtue conducive to the whole deſign.

To bring this to our preſent ſubject. The pleaſures of life do not compenſate the miſeries: age ſteals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the action of ſome great perſon. Who therefore more proper for the buſineſs, than Solomon himſelf? And why may he not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almoſt three thouſand years ſince? If, in the fair ſituation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with ſorrow; if, endowed with the greateſt perfections of nature, and poſſeſſed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happineſs; the reſt of mankind may ſafely take the monarch's word for the truth

truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to Death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the Hero and the Author, but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book; and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

"Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus—"

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived: and, where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an Historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaginian Queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of the

the fineſt parts of his Æneis muſt have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images ſome thouſands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwiſe have written, or we read, one of the ſublimeſt pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the objection, that ſome names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philoſophy, are otherwiſe expreſſed than can be warranted by the geography or aſtronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the ſame liberty in their deſcriptions and compariſons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their perſonages may be dreſſed, not exactly in the ſame habits which they wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe probability muſt atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abuſed by eminent maſters in either ſcience. Raphael and Taſſo have ſhewn their diſcretion, where Paul Veroneſe and Arioſto are to anſwer for their extravagances. It is the exceſs, not the thing itſelf, that is blameable.

I would ſay one word of the meaſure in which this and moſt Poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries uſed it, carrying the ſenſe of one verſe moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſolute and wild, and came very often too near proſe. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined: it cuts off the ſenſe at the end of every firſt line, which muſt always rhyme to the next following; and

and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for Epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a Poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into Blank Verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled); or running the thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And, while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living, who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyrick upon Great Britain in the First Book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best Poet, or the greatest Scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publiſhing of this piece, though I have in a literal ſenſe obſerved Horace's "Nonum "prematur in annum;" yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical Lawgiver, according to the ſpirit of the precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the term preſcribed; but in the meantime I had little leiſure, and leſs inclination, to reviſe or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private ſtudies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed, my thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of Engliſh Poetry requires: all theſe, and ſome other circumſtances which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my excuſe in this behalf very plauſible. Far indeed from deſigning to print, I had locked up theſe papers in my ſcritoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this deſign, or how my ſcritoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the queſtion. The true reaſon I take to be the beſt: many of my friends of the firſt quality, fineſt learning, and greateſt underſtanding, have wreſted the key from my hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible violence: and the poem is publiſhed, not without my conſent indeed, but a little againſt my opinion; and with an implicit ſubmiſſion to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amuſement and pleaſure, I ſhall always think

myſelf

myſelf happy, if I may dedicate my moſt ſerious endeavours to their intereſt and ſervice. And I am proud to finiſh this preface by ſaying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never juſtly offended, is abundantly recompenſed by the goodneſs of more friends, whom I can never ſufficiently oblige. And if I here aſſume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurſt as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all thoſe whoſe names do me great honour at the beginning of my book*; theſe two only ought to be angry with me: for I diſobey their poſitive order, whilſt I make even this ſmall acknowledgment of their particular kindneſs.

* As ſubſcribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

" The words of the Preacher the Son of David King " of Jeruſalem." Eccleſiaſtes, chap. i. ver. 1.

" Vanity of vanities, ſays the Preacher, vanity of " vanities, all is vanity." Ver. 2.

" I communed with mine own heart, ſaying, Lo, I am " come to great eſtate, and have gotten more wiſ- " dom than all they that have been before me in " Jeruſalem: yea my heart had great experience of " wiſdom and knowledge." Ver. 16.

" He ſpake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in " Lebanon, even unto the hyſſop that ſpringeth out " of the wall: he ſpake alſo of beaſts, and of fowl, " and of creeping things, and of fiſhes." 1 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.

" I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for " ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing " taken from it; and God doeth it, that men ſhould " fear before him." Eccleſiaſtes, chap. iii. ver. 14.

" He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: " alſo he hath ſet the world in their heart, ſo that no " man can find out the work that God maketh from " the beginning to the end." Ver. 11.

" For in much wiſdom is much grief: and he that " increaſeth knowledge, increaſeth ſorrow." Chap. i. ver. 18.

" And further, by theſe, my ſon, be admoniſhed: of " making many books there is no end: and much " ſtudy is a wearineſs of the fleſh." Chap. xii. ver. 12.

KNOW-

KNOWLEDGE:

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, ſeeking happineſs from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; diſcourſes of vegetables, animals, and man; propoſes ſome queſtions concerning the origin and ſituation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the ſyſtem of the viſible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly anſwered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curioſity; and concludes, that, as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

YE Sons of men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain;
That, in this pilgrimage of ſeventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,

Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful ſteps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
That from the womb we take our fatal ſhares
Of follies, paſſions, labours, tumults, cares;
And, at approach of death, ſhall only know
The truth, which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.
Happineſs, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, miſtaking: fugitive theme
Of my purſuing verſe, ideal ſhade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whoſe dancing beams miſlead our fond deſire,
Cauſe of our care, and error of our mind;
Oh! hadſt thou ever been by Heaven deſign'd
To Adam, and his mortal race; the boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been beſtow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our ſearch, ordain'd
That joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This ſad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.
Born, as I was, great David's favourite ſon,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treaſures bleſt,
My name extended to the fartheſt eaſt,

My

My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My ſhining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment ſound:
Ariſe (I commun'd with myſelf), ariſe;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wiſe:
Content of ſpirit muſt from ſcience flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.
I ſaid; and ſent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins ſtand;
Hiſtoric leaves revolve, long volumes ſpread,
The old diſcourſing as the younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and ſaid:
The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its ſeed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping moſs and hyſſop on the wall:
Yet, juſt and conſcious to myſelf, I find
A thouſand doubts oppoſe the ſearching mind.
I know not why the beach delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder ſhade;
Whilſt towering firs in *conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed ſpear divide the ſkies:
Nor why again the changing oak ſhould ſhed
The yearly honour of his ſtately head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd yew is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.

Wanting the ſun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypreſs flouriſh in the ſhade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle ſtation, and an even plain;
While in the lower marſh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one ſoil endue
The bluſhing poppy with a crimſon hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to ſhoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantaſtic tulip ſtrives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted ſtreak?
The twining jaſmine and the bluſhing roſe
With laviſh grace their morning ſcents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling tuberoſe and jonquil declare
The ſtronger impulſe of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (reſolve me) or the flower
A various inſtinct, or a different power?
Why ſhould one earth, one clime, one ſtream, one breath,
Raiſe this to ſtrength, and ſicken that to death?

Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the ſenſitive, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to anſwer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?

Along the ſunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thouſand ſtalks the various bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native ſoil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;

Yet

Yet with confeſs'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowſlip ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breaſt:
A fairer red ſtands bluſhing in the roſe
That that which on the bridegroom's veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure compariſon be ſhewn
That on the regal ſeat great David's ſon,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with leſs glory than that ſimple flower.

Of fiſhes next, my friends, I would inquire:
How the mute race engender, or reſpire,
From the ſmall fry that glide on Jordan's ſtream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the ſeas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempeſt plays?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To ſouthern climes directing their career,
Their ſtation changing with th' inverted year?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To chooſe their proper bed, and wave, and food;
To guard their ſpawn, and educate their brood?

Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her neſt can find,
And build a frame, which deepeſt thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain?

How in ſmall flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's ſong?
Why theſe frequent the plain, and thoſe the wood?
Why every land has her ſpecific brood?
Where the tall crane, or winding ſwallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling ſnows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to ſleep;
Or, conſcious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a ſouthern ſky?

Of beaſts and creeping inſects ſhall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's boſom, whence the bee
Was firſt inform'd her venturous flight to ſteer
Through trackleſs paths, and an abyſs of air?
Whence ſhe avoids the ſlimy marſh, and knows
The fertile hills where ſweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds diſcloſe?
How from the thicken'd miſt, and ſetting ſun,
Finds ſhe the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her againſt winds and rains to ſtrive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive;
And through the liquid fields again to paſs
Duteous, and hearkening to the ſounding braſs?

And, O thou ſluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midſt ſummer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,

By

By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores; and, bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Left, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
They shew their passions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale, or castled elephant;
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?
For potent Nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;

Now

Now forms her work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the meaſures of our feeble ſenſe.
The object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled ſight,
Becomes mixt blackneſs, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The ſtraight looks crooked, and the ſquare grows round.
Thus, while with fruitleſs hope and weary pain,
We ſeek great Nature's power, but ſeek in vain,
Safe ſits the goddeſs in her dark retreat;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endleſs ſhapes, which the myſterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our loſt purſuit ſhe wills, to hide
Her cloſe decrees, and chaſten human pride.
Untam'd and fierce the tiger ſtill remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He ſeeks his keeper's fleſh, and thirſts his blood:
While the ſtrong camel, and the generous horſe,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the ſpur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On ſecret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;

Now

Now haunts the cliff, now traverſes the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind ſpaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likeſt that fox in ſhape and ſpecies found,
Refuſes through theſe cliffs and lawns to roam,
Purſues the noted path, and covets home,
Does with kind joy domeſtic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd maſter's feet.

By what immediate cauſe they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their principles and ours agree.
Evil like us they ſhun, and covet good;
Abhor the poiſon, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With ſeeming thought their action they intend,
And uſe the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philoſopher avers,
That reaſon guides our deed, and inſtinct theirs.
How can we juſtly different cauſes frame,
When the effects intirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

With the ſame folly, ſure, man vaunts his ſway,
If the brute beaſt refuſes to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaſter's word
Proclaims himſelf the univerſal lord,

Does he not tremble, left the lion's paw
Should join his plea againſt the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the ſchools or porches ſhould appear
The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?
The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the ſword is girded to his loins.
When the ſwift veſſel flies before the wind,
Too late the ſailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward ſhe ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
Conſider with me this æthereal ſpace,
Yielding to earth and ſea the middle place.
Anxious I aſk you, how the penſile ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall?
When I reflect how the revolving ſun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beaſt, or colony of man;
If any nation paſs their deſtin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring ſun's directer rays;
If any ſuffer on the Polar coaſt
The rage of Arctos and eternal froſt.
May not the pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of theſe ſome ſecret good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive?

See

See daily ſhowers rejoice the thirſty earth,
And bleſs the flowery buds' ſucceeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer ſphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a juſt return,
They feel twelve hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighbouring ſun, whoſe conſtant flame
Enlightens them with ſeaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not thoſe, whoſe diſtant lot is caſt
North beyond Tartary's extended waſte;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six ſhining months purſue their even way,
And ſix ſucceeding urge their duſky flight,
Obſcur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I aſk, the natives of theſe climes
(As annals may inform ſucceeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own viciſſitude, and equal ſhare
Of day and night, diſparted through the year?
May they not ſcorn our ſun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſtening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our climes upbraid
Shortneſs of night, and penury of ſhade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſome ſleep, and neceſſary reſt,
Another ſun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yeſterday to bear?

Whilſt,

Whilſt, when the ſolar beams ſalute their ſight,
Bold and ſecure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remoteſt wood, and fartheſt lake;
Manage the fiſhing, and purſue the courſe
With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
And, when declining day forſakes their ſky,
When gathering clouds ſpeak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming ſeaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, proceſs, clamour, woe,
Which our ſad ſcenes of daily action know:
They light the ſhining lamp, prepare the feaſt,
And with full mirth receive the welcome gueſt;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſtening fair;
And, rais'd in pleaſure, or repos'd in eaſe
(Grateful alternate of ſubſtantial peace),
They bleſs the long nocturnal influence ſhed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.
  In foreign iſles which our diſcoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bear's, or ſpotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infeſt the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hiſſing ſnake,
Lurk in the troubled ſtream and fenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beaſt,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and ſtream, infeſt;
Deriv'd theſe men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?

Whence

Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's ſhade, and one created man?
Or, grant this progeny was wafted o'er
By coaſting boats from next adjacent ſhore;
Would thoſe, from whom we will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs lands and poiſon bring?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,
Feed the ſhe adder, and the brooding ſnake?
Or could they think the new-diſcover'd iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?
And, ſince the ſavage lineage we muſt trace
From Noah ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd race;
How ſhould their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he ſet,
To ſow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy ſhrine;
While the great ſire's unhappy ſons are found,
Unpreſs'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in queſt of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?
How ſhall we next o'er earth and ſeas purſue
The varied forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd, though all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of thoſe materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine ſprings and parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtopp'd gives birth
To graſs and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it riſes in a higher ſphere,
Dilates its drops, and ſoftens into air:

Thoſe

Thoſe finer parts of air again aſpire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies reſplendent duſt, and ſhining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its ſhape, puts off its old remains;
With watery parts its leſſen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and riſes into tides.
Diſparted ſtreams ſhall from their channels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy mountains lie,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the diſtant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the ſkies,
Shall fall; the plain by ſlow degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than erſt had ſtood the ſummit-hill;
For Time muſt Nature's great beheſt fulfil.
Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus Jordan's waves ſhall future clouds appear,
And Ægypt's pyramids refine to air:
Thus later age ſhall aſk for Piſon's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel ſtood.
Now where we ſee theſe changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought theſe cloſe meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:

Are

Are all things miracle; or nothing such?
And prove we not too little, or too much?
For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each successive night from opening heaven
The food of angels should to man be given;
Is this more strange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,
And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?
Then, from whate'er we can to sense produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause:
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is oblig'd and fore'd to see
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.
This great Existence thus by reason found,
Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?

Say then, is all in heaps of water loſt,
Beyond the iſlands, and the mid-land coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd thoſe waters by ſome other earth,
Countries by future plough-ſhares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progreſſive courſe of reſtleſs age
Performs three thouſand times its annual ſtage,
May not our power and learning be ſuppreſt,
And arts and empire learn to travel weſt?

Where, by the ſtrength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my ſoul? what ſees ſhe white and great
Amidſt ſubjected ſeas? An *iſle*, the ſeat
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For juſtice and for mercy ſought and known;
Virtues ſublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd nation given.
Yet farther weſt the weſtern *iſle* extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleet ſhe ſends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and ſky.
From pole to pole ſhe hears her acts reſound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ſhips anchor'd, and her ſails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a ſecond world.

Long ſhall Britannia (that muſt be her name)
Be firſt in conqueſt, and preſide in fame:
Long ſhall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age:

Rever'd

Rever'd and happy ſhe ſhall long remain,
Of human things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet all muſt with the general doom comply,
And this great glorious power, though laſt, muſt die.
Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure ſky:
Behold it like an ample curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with the morning-red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And chooſing ſable for the peaceful night.
Aſk Reaſon now, whence light and ſhade were given,
And whence this great variety of heaven.
Reaſon, our guide, what can ſhe more reply,
Than that the ſun illuminates the ſky;
Than that night riſes from his abſent ray,
And his returning luſtre kindles day?
But we expect the morning-red in vain:
'Tis hid in vapours, or obſcur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in ſtorm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joy and wonder ſometimes ſhe excites,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wiſe, ſend forth your labouring thought;
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of ſpheres of ſmoke:
Yet this ſolution but once more affords
New change of terms, and ſcaffolding of words:

In other garb my queſtion I receive,
And take the doubt the very ſame I gave.
Lo! as a giant ſtrong, the luſty ſun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his courſe, yet conſtant his career,
Changing the day, and finiſhing the year.
Again, when his deſcending orb retires,
And earth perceives the abſence of his fires;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams diſtributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the ſtages of her monthly race;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, ſhining in his proper ſphere,
Does with juſt ſpeed his radiant voyage ſteer;
Each ſees his lamp with different luſtre crown'd;
Each knows his courſe with different periods bound;
And, in his paſſage through the liquid ſpace,
Nor haſtens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, ſhine theſe planets with ſubſtantial rays?
Does innate luſtre gild their meaſur'd days?
Or do they (as your ſchemes, I think, have ſhewn)
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All ſervants to that ſource of light, the ſun?
Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Nor caſt in lines, in circles, nor in ſquares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build);
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light,
As ſpeaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.

How

How mean the order and perfection ſought,
In the beſt product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the ſpirit of the world ordains!
Now if the ſun to earth tranſmits his ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a day;
How ſmall a portion of his power is given
To orbs more diſtant, and remoter heaven?
And of thoſe ſtars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal ſky,
Each, by a native ſtock of honour great,
May dart ſtrong influence, and diffuſe kind heat,
(Itſelf a ſun) and with tranſmiſſive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human ſight.
Around the circles of their ambient ſkies
New moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe,
And other ſtars may to thoſe ſuns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births,
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flouriſh, and their oceans roll:
Yet theſe great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different ſphere
Makes or their diſtance or their light appear)
Be ſeen a nobler or inferior ſtar,
And, in that ſpace which we call air and ſky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and ſuns, may lie,
Unmeaſur'd and unknown by human eye.
In vain we meaſure this amazing ſphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;

Whilſt its circumference, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd ſpace, illudes our vanquiſh'd thought.
Where then are all the radiant *monſters* driven,
With which your gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd heaven?
Where will their fictious images remain?
In paper-ſchemes, and the Chaldean's brain?
This problem yet, this offspring of a gueſs,
Let us for once a child of truth confeſs;
That theſe fair ſtars, theſe objects of delight
And terror to our ſearching dazzled ſight,
Are worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do theſe worlds diſplay their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to ſerve thy uſe, to pleaſe thy pride?
Thyſelf but duſt, thy ſtature but a ſpan,
A moment thy duration, fooliſh man?
As well may the minuteſt emmet ſay,
That Caucaſus was rais'd to pave his way;
The ſnail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was deſtin'd only for his walk and food;
The vileſt cockle, gaping on the coaſt
That rounds the ample ſeas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy rock projects above the ſky,
That he in ſafety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters ſwell,
Only to quench his thirſt, or move and blanch his ſhell.
A higher flight the venturous goddeſs tries,
Leaving material worlds and local ſkies;
Inquires what are the beings, where the ſpace,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.

For

For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught);
Embattled cherub againſt cherub roſe,
Did ſhield to ſhield, and power to power oppoſe;
Heaven rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with woes.
What were theſe forms of which your volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting load,
Durance of chain, and baniſhment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched ſtrength to tire,
To ſwim in ſulphurous lakes, or land on ſolid fire:
While thoſe exalted to primæval light,
Exceſs of bleſſing, and ſupreme delight,
Only perceive ſome little pauſe of joys
In thoſe great moments when their God employs
Their miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious ſtate;
Or to reverſe Jehovah's high command,
And ſpeak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious ſtate in aſhes mourns?
How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
Or view that preſence, which no ſpace can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of ſight?
What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, ſpirit pure, or fluid air?

Spirits to action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That theſe had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Elſe how could Abraham waſh their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah pleaſe their taſte with ſavoury meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did Lot engage
To ſave their bodies from abuſive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling angel's might?
How could a form in ſtrength with matter try?
Or how a ſpirit touch a mortal's thigh?
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
By ſtronger blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in whirlwinds loſt?
Have they again (as ſacred ſong proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilſt our bodies ſicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt we ſtruggle in this vale beneath
With want and ſorrow, with diſeaſe and death,
Do they, more bleſs'd, perpetual life employ
On ſongs of pleaſure, and in ſcenes of joy?
Now when my mind has all this world ſurvey'd,
And found, that nothing by itſelf was made;

When

When thought has rais'd itſelf, by juſt degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
From ſmoaking mineral, and from riſing ſtreams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the ſhore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aërial or the watery ſky;
From the poor reptile with a reaſoning ſoul,
That miſerable maſter of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure ſky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd light;
From eſſences unſeen, celeſtial names,
Enlightening ſpirits, and miniſterial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sovereign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with life, and bounded it with laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand years are but a day;
Who bad the light her genial beams diſplay,
And ſet the moon, and taught the ſun its way:
Who, waking Time, his creature, from the ſource
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd courſe;
Himſelf, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,

The deep abyſs, the long-continued ſtore,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
Who like the potter in a mould has caſt
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if he wills may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,
And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll;
May from its baſis in one moment pour
This melted earth —
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who, ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made;
And it was ſo: — and, when he ſhall ordain
In other ſort, has but to ſpeak again,
And they ſhall be no more: Of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe. —
The learned elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor anſwer frame
(Too plain, alas! their ſilence ſpake their ſhame);
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
Began: That human learning's furtheſt reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;

That

That mine to ſpeak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did ſway:
And the aſtoniſh'd world in me beheld
Moſes eclips'd, and Jeſſe's ſon excell'd.
Humble a ſecond bow'd, and took the word;
Foreſaw my name by future age ador'd:
O live, ſaid he, thou wiſeſt of the wiſe;
As none has equall'd, none ſhall ever riſe
Excelling thee. —
Parent of wicked, bane of honeſt deeds,
Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant ſeeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With riſing pride amidſt the corn appear,
And choak the hopes and harveſt of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my queſtions, in my praiſes loud,
Echo'd the word: whence things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dulleſt ſee!
My prophets and my ſophiſts finiſh'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not ſo my rabbins and logicians yield;
Retiring, ſtill they combat; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the ſubterfuge of art.
To ſpeak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the ſimple, and the plain define;

Fix

Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their ſchools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by falſe gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious ſcience againſt reaſon charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverſe ſect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the ampleſt triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring ſtill excuſe for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! ſince firſt thy bluſhing ſire eſſay'd
His folly with connected leaves to ſhade,
How does the crime of thy reſembling race
With like attempt that priſtine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedneſs of ſoul eſpy'd,
Why doſt thou ſtrive the conſcious ſhame to hide
By maſks of eloquence and veils of pride?
With outward ſmiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my ſick mind by their diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myſelf, again
Perplex'd, theſe matters I revolv'd in vain.
My ſearch ſtill tir'd, my labour ſtill renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid,
Light flew the knowing ſcale, the doubtful heavy weigh'd.
Forc'd by reflective reaſon, I confeſs,
That human ſcience is uncertain gueſs.

Alas!

Alas! we graſp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that ſpirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell me what is ſpace or time?
In vain we lift up our preſumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The ſearcher follows faſt; the object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitleſs ſearch of ſomething yet behind.
Various diſcuſſions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; ſtill doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increaſes pain.
How narrow limits were to wiſdom given!
Earth ſhe ſurveys; ſhe thence would meaſure heaven:
Through miſts obſcure now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the ſummit of a pathleſs coaſt
Sees infinite, and in that ſight is loſt.
Remember, that the curs'd deſire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy ſource of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded ſtrife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming ſwords and angry cherubs guard?

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

" I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove thee " with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure." Eccl. ii. 1.

" I made me great works, I builded me houses, I " planted me vineyards." Ver. 4.

" I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees " in them of all kind of fruits." Ver. 5.

" I made me pools of water, to water therewith the " wood that bringeth forth trees." Ver. 6.

" Then I looked on all the works that my hands had " wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: " And behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit; " and there was no profit under the sun." Ver. 11.

" I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the de- " lights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, " and that of all sorts." Ver. 8.

" I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet " acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay " hold on folly, till I might see what was that good " for the sons of men, which they should do under " heaven, all the days of their life." Ver. 3.

" Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth unto the " fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and why was " I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that " this also is vanity." Ver. 15.

" Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought " under the sun is grievous unto me." Ch. ii. ver. 27.

" Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking " savour: so doth a little folly him that is in repu- " tation for wisdom and honour." Chap. x. ver. 1.

" The memory of the just is blessed, but the memory of " the wicked shall rot." Proverbs, ch. x. ver. 7.

PLEASURE.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again ſeeking happineſs, inquires if wealth and greatneſs can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of muſic and feaſting; and proceeds to the hopes and deſires of love. In two epiſodes are ſhewn the follies and troubles of that paſſion. Solomon, ſtill diſappointed, falls under the temptations of libertiniſm and idolatry; recovers his thought; reaſons aright; and concludes that, as to the purſuit of pleaſure and ſenſual delight, All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find ſome apter ſcheme:
Health be thy hope, and Pleaſure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where ſtudy brings thee; from the endleſs maze,
Which doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead

To jocund mirth, ſoft joy, and careleſs eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe;
Eſſay amuſing art, and proud expence,
And make thy reaſon ſubject to thy ſenſe.
I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of coſtly pride;
Artiſts and plans reliev'd my ſolemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fiſhes, beaſts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond birth,
And bad a foreign ſhade grace Judah's earth;
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former foreſts grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native courſe,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large caſcades in pleaſing tumult roll'd,
Or roſe through figur'd ſtone, or breathing gold;
From furtheſt Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the ſpacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, the penſile garden, grows.
The workmen here obey the maſter's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various ſtone,
And on the jaſper ſteps to rear the throne:
The ſpreading cedar, that an age had ſtood,
Supreme of trees, and miſtreſs of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thou-

A thouſand artiſts ſhew their cunning power,
To raiſe the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thouſand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confeſſes her exhauſted ſtore,
That on her coaſt the murex* is no more;
Till from the Parian iſle, and Libya's coaſt,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble loſt;
And India's woods return their juſt complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.
My full deſign with vaſt expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtleſs haſte,
For, the work perfected, the joy was paſt.
To my new courts ſad thought did ſtill repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on ſilken beds I ſought repoſe,
And reſtleſs oft' from purple couches roſe;
Vexatious thought ſtill found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and purſued my ways,
Nor ſhut from artful bower, nor loſt in winding maze.
Yet take thy bent, my ſoul; another ſenſe
Indulge; add muſic to magnificence:
Eſſay if harmony may grief control,
Or power of ſound prevail upon the ſoul.

* The murex is a ſhell-fiſh, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Often our seers and poets have confest
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested main,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music sure may human cares appease.
I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre
Soften'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd); the fife the viol's notes resin'd,
And every strength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay;
Of opening heaven they sung and gladsome day.
Each evening their repeated skill express'd
Scenes of repose, and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound,

Condemn'd

Condemn'd eternal changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the new.
I bad the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper muſic with the ſprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions ſeem;
What takes our heart muſt merit our eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the muſician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noiſe,
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow, and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt,
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt;
And, as at dawn of morn fair Reaſon's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my ſoul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun?
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe,
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the laſt regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt and fierce debate;
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom ſorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees
That melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And, in the flowers that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiſs, and poiſonous ſerpents roll.
Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickneſs of mind, and heal the boſom?—Love.
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cheriſh fair hope, ſolicit young deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious ſoul explore
This laſt great remedy's myſterious power.
Why therefore heſitates my doubtful breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my friends; my ſervants, fly; employ
Your inſtant pains to bring your maſter joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dreſs'd;
Let them to-night attend the royal feaſt;
All Iſrael's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the ſpoils of war:

Before

Before their monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs,
And the moſt worthy ſhall obtain the grace.
I ſaid: the feaſt was ſerv'd, the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleaſure went the mirthful round.
The women came: as cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On one (O that diſtinguiſh'd one!) I caſt
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace ſhap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face;
Eaſy her motion ſeem'd, ſerene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her boſom roſe; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her ſhoulders looſely lay diſplay'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thouſand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliſs, I ſaid; freſh roſes bring
To ſtrew my bed, till the impoveriſh'd Spring
Confeſs her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber ſhed,
Till Arab has no more. From the ſoft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-ſtring'd inſtrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph! draw nigh,
Thou, in whoſe graceful form and potent eye,
Thy maſter's joy long-ſought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my deſires be crown'd;
O favourite virgin! that haſt warm'd the breaſt,
Whoſe ſovereign dictates ſubjugate the Eaſt!

I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden throne,
With a ſubmiſſive ſtep, I haſted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the honours deſtin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty muſt thy ſovereign word obey:
Riſe up, my love, my fair-one, come away.
What pangs, alas! what ecſtaſy of ſmart,
Tore up my ſenſes, and transfix'd my heart,
When ſhe with modeſt ſcorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended drowſineſs, and wiſh of reſt:
And ſullen I forſook th' imperfect feaſt,
Ordering the eunuchs, to whoſe proper care
Our Eaſtern grandeur gives th' impriſon'd fair,
To lead her forth to a diſtinguiſh'd bower,
And bid her dreſs the bed, and wait the hour.
Reſtleſs I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the ſteps that Love and Anger tread);
Approach'd her perſon, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my diſgrace;
By turns put on the ſuppliant and the lord;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or inſtant death.

Averſe

Averſe to all her amorous king deſir'd,
Far as ſhe might ſhe decently retir'd;
And, darting ſcorn and ſorrow from her eyes,
What means, ſaid ſhe, King Solomon the Wiſe?
This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could fortune, but ſhe can no more.
Free to herſelf my potent mind remains,
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis ſaid, that thou canſt plauſibly diſpute,
Supreme of ſeers! of angel, man, and brute;
Canſt plead, with ſubtle wit and fair diſcourſe,
Of paſſion's folly, and of reaſon's force;
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canſt ſhow
Whence their misfortunes or their bleſſings flow;
That thou in ſcience as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With juſt advice and timely counſel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Iſrael! does it rove?—
What in one moment doſt thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis joy or ſorrow, peace or ſtrife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human miſery muſt begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's ſon, religious, juſt, and grave,
To the firſt bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a Heathen, and a ſlave?
Or, grant thy paſſion has theſe names deſtroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all diſtinction void;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breaſt
His flames and torments only are expreſt;
His rage can in my ſmiles alone relent,
And all his joys ſolicit my conſent.
Soft love, ſpontaneous tree, its parted root
Muſt from two hearts with equal vigour ſhoot;
Whilſt each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleaſing ecſtaſy which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom diſcloſe,
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due ſupplies;
Wild with deſpair, or ſick with grief, it dies.
By force beaſts act, and are by force reſtrain'd:
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs ſtrength, miſtaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harveſt, though thou ſpoil'ſt the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of ſway;
Contract thy brow, and Iſrael ſhall obey:
But wilful Love thou muſt with ſmiles appeaſe,
Approach his awful throne by juſt degrees,
And, if thou would'ſt be happy, learn to pleaſe.
Not that thoſe arts can here ſucceſsful prove,
For I am deſtin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,

My

My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.
Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate:
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O king, despair.
Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!
Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?

To

To raviſh her! that thought was ſoon depreſs'd,
Which muſt debaſe the monarch to the beaſt.
To ſend her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon muſt never come?
To that inſulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, diſdaining me, ſhe keeps her charms?
Fantaſtic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Thoſe 'ſcape thy anger, who refuſe thy ſway,
And thoſe are puniſh'd moſt who moſt obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canſt thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?
Why to ſome ſimple ſhepherd does ſhe run
From the fond arms of David's favourite ſon?
Why flies ſhe from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleaſure may thy reign ſupport,
To ſome poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with ſnow,
Where pinching want muſt curb her warm deſires,
And houſehold cares ſuppreſs thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the ſhrines of Love.
His myſtic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded ſtone, or molten gold, expreſs;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Faſt in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his ſide ſuſtains his ſtore
Of pointed darts; ſad emblems of his power:

A pair

A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous maid:
I felt him ſtrike, and now I ſee him fly:
Curs'd dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Thoſe fatal ſhafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wiſhes yet o'ertake thy ſpeed!
Tir'd may'ſt thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'ſt thy courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The damſel back, and ſave the love-ſick king!
My ſoul thus ſtruggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd;
Till, hopeleſs, plung'd in an abyſs of grief,
I from neceſſity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to aſſuage my pain,
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd rein.
But O, how ſhort my interval of woe!
Our griefs how ſwift! our remedies how ſlow!
Another nymph (for ſo did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain);
Another nymph, amongſt the many fair,
That made my ſofter hours their ſolemn care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, ſhe ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſte
To grace my preſence; Abra went the laſt:

Abra

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals firſt obſerv'd her growing zeal,
And laughing gloſs'd, that Abra ſerv'd ſo well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour ſaid,
More I obſerv'd peculiar in the maid.
The ſun declin'd had ſhot his weſtern ray,
When, tir'd with buſineſs of the ſolemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I ſat to waſh my hands
(For ſo the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the ſweets, and miniſter the urn.
With awful homage, and ſubmiſſive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: ſhe trembled as ſhe pour'd;
With an unguarded look ſhe now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and ſtrove to hide, a ſudden ſigh.
And whence, ſaid I, canſt thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of ſorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Haſt thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For ſure, I added, ſure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.
Abaſh'd ſhe bluſh'd, and with diſorder ſpoke:
Her riſing ſhame adorn'd the words it broke.

If

If the great maſter will deſcend to hear
The humble ſeries of his handmaid's care;
O! while ſhe tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death ſevere in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to ſuffer pain,
If the king ſmile whilſt I my woe recite,
If weeping I find favour in his ſight,
Flow faſt, my tears, full riſing his delight.
O! witneſs earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am ſick of love;
If madneſs may the name of paſſion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed deſpair.
Thou Sovereign Power! whoſe ſecret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our ſouls!
Why haſt thou plac'd ſuch infinite degrees
Between the cauſe and cure of my diſeaſe?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra muſt expire,
Had he been born ſome ſimple ſhepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy ſheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's froſt and ſummer's ſun,
Still aſking where he made his flock to reſt at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected gueſt,
I had with haſty joy prepar'd the feaſt;
And from the cottage, o'er the diſtant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the ſwain,

Wavering,

Wavering, impatient, toſs'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together ſhould appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his maſter near.
On my declining neck and open breaſt
I ſhould have lull'd the lovely youth to reſt,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With ſofteſt care have ſtol'n my arm away,
To riſe and from the fold releaſe the ſheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his ſleep.
Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For ſure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),
Had bleſt my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my paſſion had aſpir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I deſir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To ſee the comelieſt of the ſons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous ſong,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kiſſes of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native ſouth,
Likening his grace, his perſon, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had ſeen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as ſolar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from cryſtal ſtreams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his boſom fair
As ſilver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eaſtern coral, or the ſcarlet thread;

Even

Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly ſhorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the ſunny rock.
Ivory, with ſapphires interſpers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of poliſh'd marble, firmly ſet
On golden baſes, are his legs and feet;
His ſtature all majeſtic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, ſtrong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments ſhed,
And everlaſting ſweets bloom round his head.
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly haſt thou ſaid
Thy ſoul's deſire to meet his high embrace,
And bleſſing ſtamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bleſs thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her ſpeech her flowing eyes prevail.
O fooliſh maid! and O unhappy tale!
My ſuffering heart for ever ſhall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd ſenſes deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's diſgrace,
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her ſeat,
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by paſſion, as ſubdued in war,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to err.

This Abra then—
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I sought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One shew'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclos'd, as better dress'd.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;

Bracelets

Bracelets of pearl gave roundneſs to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her ſenſes pleas'd, her beauty ſtill improv'd,
And ſhe more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The ſeveral follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompenſe to prove
The certain joys that lie in proſperous love.
For what, ſaid I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The damſel's ſole ambition is to pleaſe:
With freedom I may like, and quit with eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe power,
And by the blaſt of ſelf-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On pleaſure's flowing brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant ſhade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll,
Till the ſtrong guſts of raging paſſion riſe,
Till the dire tempeſt mingles earth and ſkies;

And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.
O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress't,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.
Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shewn,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade,
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through reason's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.
To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.

Here generous ſoftneſs warms the honeſt breaſt;
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
And, whilſt our wiſh prepares the kind relief,
Whilſt pity mitigates her riſing grief,
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her ſorrows, groan for her deſpair;
And againſt love too late thoſe boſoms arm,
Which tears can ſoften, and which ſighs can warm.
Againſt this neareſt, cruelleſt of foes,
What ſhall wit meditate, or force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble nature, ſhall we ſummon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
External remedy ſhall we hope to find,
When the cloſe fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Inſulting there does reaſon's power deride,
And, blind himſelf, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It fought its peace and joy: while ſhe was gone,
It ſigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her ſtay;
Return'd, ſhe chas'd thoſe ſighs, that grief, away:
Her abſence made the night, her preſence brought the day.

The ball, the play, the maſk, by turns ſucceed:
For her I make the ſong, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each ſhape and dreſs,
That luxury may form, or thought expreſs.
To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:

The wreath denoting conqueſt guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus ſings her proſperous hand,
As ſhe had ſlain the foe, and ſav'd the land.
To-morrow ſhe approves a ſofter air,
Forſakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail aſſumes,
And from the village with the preſent comes:
The youthful band depoſe their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my father's ſtep and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.
If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chaſe the flying hind,
Soon as the ſun awakes, the ſprightly court
Leave their repoſe, and haſten to the ſport.
In leſſen'd royalty, and humble ſtate,
Thy king, Jeruſalem, deſcends to wait,
Till Abra comes: ſhe comes; a milk-white ſteed,
Mixture of Perſia's and Arabia's breed,
Suſtains the nymph: her garments flying looſe
(As the Sydonian maids or Thracian uſe),
And half her knee and half her breaſt appear,
By art, like negligence, diſclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courſer's flight,
A ſilver bow ſhe carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her ſide
Ruſtles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front diſplay
An artificial moon's increaſing ray.

Diana,

Diana, huntreſs, miſtreſs of the groves,
The favourite Abra ſpeaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the preſent goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus ſings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her myſtic praiſe; the vocal triumphs bound
Againſt the hills; the hills reflect the ſound.
If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points; a thouſand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving iſle:
A golden chariot in the midſt is ſet,
And ſilver cygnets ſeem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright queen, aſcends her gaudy throne,
In ſemblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and ſea-green Naiads round her move,
And ſing in moving ſtrains the force of love;
Whilſt, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds ſpeak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the wave.
O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra ſhould be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural ſeat?

That maſking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of ſhame?
No, no: Jeruſalem combin'd muſt ſee
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is deſtin'd for the feaſt:
Abra invites; the nation is the gueſt.
To have the honour of each day ſuſtain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Ægypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phœnix 'ſcapes—
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raiſe,
To ſing my happineſs, and Abra's praiſe;
And ſlaviſh bards our mutual loves rehearſe
In lying ſtrains and ignominious verſe:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from public eyes ſhould hide,
I ſhew her to the world, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beerſheba they reſort:
They barter places, and diſpoſe of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate,
With toys of love to mix affairs of ſtate;
By practis'd rules her empire to ſecure,
And in my pleaſure make my ruin ſure.
They gave, and ſhe transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs ſhould their inward ſoul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;

By

By ignominious arts, for ſervile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and ſhun their friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt ſupports
Of legal princes, and of honeſt courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whoſe ſires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counſel!) I prefer
Thoſe whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had ſpurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.
Still Abra's power, my ſcandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could ſettle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what ſhe lateſt ſpoke.
Iſrael neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded heart;
Abra poſſeſs'd; ſhe was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cauſe,
Which gave my righteous youth ſo juſt applauſe,
In vain on the diſſembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and ſly perſuaſion hung,
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd child
Or ſlain or ſav'd, as Abra frown'd or ſmil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeleſs king, a royal ſhade, I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;
The widow's cries addreſs the throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded file,
And ſleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught
How Moſes govern'd, and how David fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the ſoldier lay,
Or loſt in drink and game the ſolid day.
Porches and ſchools, deſign'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with ſcaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin.—
Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the ſight.
The artiſts grieve; the labouring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfiniſh'd.—
The wiſe and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future miſchiefs of a ſinking ſtate.
Is this, the ſerious ſaid, is this the man,
Whoſe active ſoul through every ſcience ran?
Who, by juſt rule and elevated ſkill,
Preſcrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whoſe golden ſayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expreſſive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's inſtruction, and our age's pride?

Could

Could not the wife his wild defires reftrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with rofes at their feafts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms fuperior to their maſter's fame.
Laughing, fome praife the king, who let them fee
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some glofs'd, how love and wifdom were at ſtrife,
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:
To him who *was* the king, the friend replies.
The king, for Judah's and for wifdom's curfe,
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worfe?
Our loofer lives let chance or folly ſteer,
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and found the wanton air:
Let us the blifs without the ſting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleafures on levity's fmooth furface flow:
Thought brings the weight that ſinks the ſoul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
And added to the thoufand he has made.

Sadly, O Reafon, is thy power expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breaſt!
And harſh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wifdom we our pleafure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve:

If

If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,
And, changing ſorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more ſtrictly bound!
But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
How hard thy laws, how abſolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd ſhapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected ſhade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!
Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel eſſence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy ſting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my ſoul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to control.
Yes; thy inſulting dictates ſhall be heard;
Virtue for once ſhall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Iſrael! this unhappy maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The king his paſſion and his rule ſhall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's ſlave.
My coward ſoul ſhall bear its wayward fate;
I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
And ſigh in royalty, and grieve in ſtate.
I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once ſo far, as to expect relief

From

From my deſpair alone—
I choſe to write the thing I durſt not ſpeak
To her I lov'd, to her I muſt forſake.
The harſh epiſtle labour'd much to prove
How inconſiſtent majeſty and love.
I always ſhould, it ſaid, eſteem her well,
But never ſee her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but inſtant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the juſt duties of an humble wife.
She read, and forth to me ſhe wildly ran,
To me, the eaſe of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, ſtruggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate paſſion liv'd and dy'd:
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my preſence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the world.
Here tell me, if thou dar'ſt, my conſcious ſoul,
What different ſorrows did within thee roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didſt thou ſuſtain?
What ſad viciſſitudes of ſmarting pain?
How oft' from pomp and ſtate did I remove,
To feed deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs love?
How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties preſs'd, and panting in my arms?

How

How oft', with ſighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeneſs trace?
How oft' deſir'd to fly from Iſrael's throne,
And live in ſhades with her and Love alone?
How oft' all night purſued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through cryſtal ſtreams,
And, waking, view'd with grief the riſing ſun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear deluſion gone?
When thus the gather'd ſtorms of wretched love,
In my ſwoln boſom, with long war had ſtrove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger courſe,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waſte,
And ſcatter'd ruin as the torrent paſt.
So from the hills, whoſe hollow caves contain
The congregated ſnow and ſwelling rain,
Till the full ſtores their ancient bounds diſdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would ſpeed avoid, or ſtrength oppoſe;
Towns, foreſts, herds, and men, promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echoed woes from diſtant rocks reſound.
And now, what impious ways my wiſhes took,
How they the monarch and the man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and ſad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign ſlaves,
By turns my proſtituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;

And,

And, by the inſtinct of capricious luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe ſcenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent ſilence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal ſhade!
Or let their ſad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure belief,
That vice engenders ſhame, and folly broods o'er grief!
Bury'd in ſloth, and loſt in eaſe, I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I ſlept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguiſh'd young deſires.
By its own force deſtroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted ſtores and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or ſet the falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift memory trace the cells,
Where ſpringing wit, or young invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By ſad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.
The women on my dotage build their ſway;
They aſk, I grant; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the Perſian damſel's haughty pride:

Now

Now with the looſer Syrian dance and ſing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And ſhape my fooliſhneſs to their deſire;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philiſtine dame,
At Dagon's ſhrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincenſe aſcends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dreſs,
And ſerve her god, whoſe perſon I careſs.
Where, my deluded ſenſe, was reaſon flown?
Where the high majeſty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living GOD inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Iſrael's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beaſtly divinities, and droves of gods;
Oſiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food?
When in the woody hills forbidden ſhade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;
When in the fens to ſnakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I proſtrate fell;
To ſhrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And ſet the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all beings ſacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heaven?
Through theſe ſad ſhades, this chaos in my ſoul,
Some ſeeds of light at length began to roll.

The

The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.
I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
A wise child better than a foolish king.
Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
Insult the master's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.
O Reason! once again to thee I call;
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.

Wisdom,

Wiſdom, thou ſay'ſt, from Heaven receiv'd her birth,
Her beams tranſmitted to the ſubject earth:
Yet this great empreſs of the human ſoul
Does only with imagin'd power control,
If reſtleſs Paſſion by rebellious ſway
Compels the weak uſurper to obey.
O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worſe extremes with ſwifter ſteps would run,
Not ſav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.
Oft' have I ſaid, the praiſe of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the ſmell.
Now, if ſome flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the alabaſter urn ſhould fall,
The odours of the ſweets inclos'd would die,
And ſtench corrupt (ſad change!) their place ſupply.
So the leaſt faults, if mix'd with faireſt deed,
Of future ill become the fatal ſeed;
Into the balm of pureſt virtue caſt,
Annoy all life with one contagious blaſt.
Loſt Solomon! purſue this thought no more:
Of thy paſt errors recollect the ſtore;
And ſilent weep, that, while the deathleſs Muſe
Shall ſing the juſt, ſhall o'er their heads diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh hand, ſhe ſhall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, ſcatter damps and poiſons on thy name.
Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods aſham'd;

From

From this abyſs of exemplary vice
Reſolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful goddeſs write
The fond purſuit of fugitive delight;
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and ſav'd from paſſion, ſing
Of human hope by croſs event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs wealth and greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of luſt and love, with their fantaſtic train,
Their wiſhes, ſmiles, and looks, deceitful all, and vain.

" Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl " be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, " or the wheel broken at the cistern." Eccl. xii. 6.

" The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth " to his place where he arose." Ch. i. 5.

" The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about " unto the north. It whirleth about continually; " and the wind returneth again, according to his cir- " cuit." Vers. 6.

" All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full. " Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thi- " ther they return again." Ver. 7.

" Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was: and " the spirit shall return unto GOD who gave it." Ch. xii. 7.

" Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the " fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the " burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of " the LORD filled the house." 2 Chron. vii. 1.

" By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea " we wept, when we remembered Sion," &c. Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

" I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what " doth it?" Eccles. ii. 2.

" No man can find out the work that GOD maketh, " from the beginning to the end." Ch. iii. 11.

" Whatsoever GOD doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing " can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and GOD " doeth it, that men should fear before him." Ver. 14.

" Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear " GOD, and keep his commandments; for this is the " whole duty of man." Ch. xii. 13.

POWER:

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon conſiders man through the ſeveral ſtages and conditions of life, and concludes in general, that we are all miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatneſs and power; gives ſome inſtances thereof from Adam down to himſelf; and ſtill concludes that all is Vanity. He reaſons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his doubts; has recourſe to religion; is informed by an angel, what ſhall happen to himſelf, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Iſrael; and, upon the whole, reſolves to ſubmit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my Soul; I call thee by that name,
Thou buſy thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how cam'ſt thou to be, or whence thy ſpring? 5
For various of thee prieſts and poets ſing.

Hear'ſt thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly birth,
Some ſeparate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature muſt beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of inſtinct, more than choice of will;
Conſcious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courſes of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth doſt flouriſh, and with age ſhalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's lateſt breath,
Thou fly'ſt diſſolv'd in air, and loſt in death?

Or, if thy great exiſtence would aſpire
To cauſes more ſublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a ſpark ſtruck off, a ſeparate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terreſtrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, diſgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with ſhame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, ſage,
As fits the various courſe of human age;
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her priſon's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the ſad remains,
Which now the pile or ſepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native ſkies?

What-

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may diſpute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breaſt,
Which for thy ſake from paſſions I diveſt,
For theſe, thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy ſtrife,
Which hinder thy repoſe, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may perſuade:
Be thy affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amaſs'd in man, there juſtly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beaſts the ſenſe,
The angel's forecaſt and intelligence:
Say from theſe glorious ſeeds what harveſt flows,
Recount our bleſſings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let cleareſt reaſon ſee
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpleſs and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd and rear'd as ſhe may pleaſe,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her diſeaſe:
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart aſſaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young ſenſe how various forms appear,
That ſtrike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his diſtortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his ſighs complains;

Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men,
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some as the descending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn,
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.

Vex'd

Vex'd with the preſent moment's heavy gloom,
Why ſeek we brightneſs from the years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick man's ſleep,
Our troubled thoughts to diſtant proſpects leap,
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of thoſe that wake:
But, looking back, we ſee the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the path again;
Still adding grief, ſtill counting from the firſt,
Judging the lateſt evils ſtill the worſt,
And ſadly finding each progreſſive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power,
Till, by one countleſs ſum of woes oppreſt,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of reſt,
We find the vital ſprings relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we muſt to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Paſs we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The ſheepfold ſcatter'd, and the ſhepherd ſlain;
The frequent errors of the pathleſs wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noiſome peſtilence, that in open war
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,

And ſcatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank miſt, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing ſnow, and violence of the ſhower,
That from the hills diſperſe their dreadful ſtore,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, ſad gueſt,
Canker or locuſt, hurtful to infeſt
The blade; while huſks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want diſtinguiſhes the year.

Paſs we the ſlow diſeaſe, and ſubtle pain,
Which our weak frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;
The cruel ſtone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulſe, and continued ſtrife,
Weakening the waſted ſeats of irkſome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The ſad experience of decay; and age,
Herſelf the foreſt ill; while death and eaſe,
Oft' and in vain invok'd or to appeaſe
Or end the grief, with haſty wings recede
From the vext patient and the ſickly bed.

Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic hand,
Senſeleſs of beauty's touch, or love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble maſter's will.
Nought ſhall the pſaltry and the harp avail,
The pleaſing ſong, or well-repeated tale,

When

When the quick ſpirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldneſs has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant riſing of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the cryſtal rill,
The ocean rolling and the ſhelly ſhore,
Beautiful objects, ſhall delight no more,
When the lax'd ſinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim ſuffuſion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful viciſſitude: he ſtill muſt mourn
The ſun, and moon, and every ſtarry light,
Eclips'd to him, and loſt in everlaſting night.
Behold where age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting boſom heaves;
To broken ſleep his remnant ſenſe he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring time, the ſilver cord
Diſſever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The cryſtal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And after utenſils their place ſupply.
Theſe things and thou muſt ſhare one equal lot,
Die and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another and another race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth muſt all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd,
And view we man with health and vigour blest.
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase;
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd,
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.
Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their essence may we draw
From destin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I say, from accident or fate?

Yet

Yet ſuch we find they are as can control
The ſervile actions of our wavering ſoul:
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal ſearch! in which the labouring mind,
Still preſs'd with weight of woe, ſtill hopes to find
A ſhadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt ſhe may herſelf deceive,
Againſt experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man, who now at laſt
Has through this doleful vale of miſery paſt,
Who to his deſtin'd ſtage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut braſs, or wounded marble, ſhews
Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes.
He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yeſterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond deſcription happieſt he,
Who ne'er muſt roll on Life's tumultuous ſea;
Who, with bleſs'd freedom, from the general doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming womb,
Nor ſee the ſun, nor ſink into the tomb!
Who breathes, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And he alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not these general maxims too severe?
" Say: cannot power secure its owner's bliss?
" And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?
" Are victors bless'd with fame, or kings with ease?"
I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.
" But is no rank, no station, no degree,
" From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"
None, mortal! none. Yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
But hence, ye worldly and prophane, retire;
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd;
Your very fear of death shall make you try
To catch the shade of immortality;
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To those who may survive you to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of Time and Death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.
False hope! vain labour! let some ages fly,
The dome shall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old station, and primæval frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name?

Reduce

Reduce the ſong: our hopes, our joys, are vain;
Our lot is ſorrow, and our portion pain.
What pauſe from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wife or great, of judge or king?
What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd ſome angry faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a victim to the people's eaſe;
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nouriſh'd in flattery, and eſtrang'd from truth;
At home ſurrounded by a ſervile crowd,
Prompt to abuſe, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and ſwords, and ſpears,
His very ſtate acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidſt a thouſand guards, he ſhews
His ſecret terror of a thouſand foes:
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a ſlave;
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies,
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conqueſt on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and abſolves the vow:
The captive generals to his car were ty'd;
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madneſs, ſhouts, and noiſe,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate;

The

The ſpoils and trophies, borne before him, ſhew
National loſs, and epidemic woe,
Various diſtreſs, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thouſands ſlain,
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the ſoldiers blood, and widows tears?
  See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded car!
In the vaſt joys of this ecſtatic hour,
And full fruition of ſucceſsful power,
One moment and one thought might let him ſcan
The various turns of life, and fickle ſtate of man.
Are the dire images of ſad diſtruſt,
And popular change, obſcur'd amid the duſt
That riſes from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or ſhrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? can Nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd or leſſen'd in the noiſe;
Though ſhouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now releas'd, and ſhake the ivory chair?
  Yon' crowd (he might reflect), yon' joyful crowd,
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praiſes loud,
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquiſh'd go,
Should ſhe depreſs my arms, and raiſe the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate;

With

With reſtleſs rage would pull my ſtatues down,
And caſt the braſs anew to his renown.
O impotent deſire of worldly ſway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghaſtly with wounds, and lifeleſs on the bier!
Then (vileneſs of mankind!) then of all theſe,
Whom my dilated eye with labour ſees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Waſh my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hoſtile car,
The victor's paſtime, and the ſport of war,
Would one, would one his pitying ſorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O Reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this cruel ſcene with quicker eyes?
To know with more diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior ſenſe in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with ſtricteſt eye,
Where ſafe from time diſtinguiſh'd actions lie;
And judge if greatneſs be exempt from pain,
Or pleaſure ever may with power remain.
Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The faireſt bleſſing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and ſea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my penſive Muſe,
What did theſe golden promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in paradiſe he liv'd;

Deſtin'd the next his journey to purſue,
Where wounding thorns and curſed thiſtles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring ſweat muſt flow;
His limbs muſt ake, with daily toils oppreſs'd,
Ere long-wiſh'd night brings neceſſary reſt.
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies and his own muſt grieve;
Bewailing ſtill afreſh their hapleſs choice;
His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when firſt it thunder'd; oft' his view
Aghaſt, as when the infant lightning flew,
And the ſtern Cherub ſtopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger ſon on the polluted ground,
Firſt-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand: his eldeſt birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why theſe ſorrows heap'd upon the ſire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.

Each age ſinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with time:
The ſon ſtill added to the father's crime;
Till God aroſe, and, great in anger, ſaid,
Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made!
Withdraw thy light, thou ſun! be dark, ye ſkies!
And from your deep abyſs, ye waters, riſe!
The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempeſts and ſtorms, obedient to his word.

Mean

Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are cast,
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
Present (sad prospect!) can he aught descry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from nations drown'd;
And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;

Muſt with the mother leave the weeping ſon,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Deſtroy his heir, or diſobey his God.
Moſes beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyſs of light;
While preſent, too ſevere for human ſight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilſome deed.
His youth with wants and hardſhips muſt engage;
Plots and rebellions muſt diſturb his age:
Some Corah ſtill aroſe, ſome rebel ſlave,
Prompter to ſink the ſtate, than he to ſave:
And Iſrael did his rage ſo far provoke,
That what the godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice ſcarce heard, his dictates ſcarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he ſaw.
My father's life was one long line of care,
A ſcene of danger, and a ſtate of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood muſt engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth muſt fear
Goliah's lifted ſword, and Saul's emitted ſpear.

Forlorn he muſt and perſecuted fly,
Climb the ſteep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often aſk, and be refus'd, to die.

For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguiſh of a crown.
What tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs monarch's woes,
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The huſband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's ſins impreſs'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he ſuſtain'd,
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his choice?

He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection ſhed
Its poiſonous venom on the royal dead!
Yet the unwilling truth muſt be expreſs'd,
Which long has labour'd in this penſive breaſt:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfiniſh'd murder to his ſon,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I haſted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a diſtant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,
Forgot his youth, ſpent in his country's cauſe,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;

But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathſheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he ſtray'd from good,
And cite his ſad example, whilſt I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret acts of ill,
With ſmiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways purſue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain ſpeed.
Ev'n there, my ſoul, ev'n there he ſhould have fell,
But that my intereſt did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promiſe, and deceive,
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, perſuaſions, ſighs, and tears, are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I ſuſtain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,
Till, of the deſtin'd fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn ſtate to parricide I riſe,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
Be witneſs to my tears, celeſtial Muſe;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe,
Fraternal blood by my direction ſpilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the ſubject's hand;
The ſword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:
Years of contrition muſt the crime atone;

Nor

Nor can my guilty ſoul expect relief,
But from a long ſincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth ſuperior to her art,
Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions paſt.
The penſive goddeſs has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every ſtep, how gloomy every ſtage.
This courſe of vanity almoſt complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the ſtill ſhades of death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their ſhafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted reaſon! what is death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmoſt limit of a narrow ſpan,
And end of motion which with life began.
As ſmoke that riſes from the kindling fires
Is ſeen this moment, and the next expires;
As empty clouds by riſing winds are toſt,
Their fleeting forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt;
So vaniſhes our ſtate, ſo paſs our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! ſo nigh,
To live, is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to die.
Cure of the miſer's wiſh, and coward's fear,
Death only ſhews us what we knew was near.

With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power;
Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.
Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wise,
To such advice the reasoner still replies.
Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
Every successive day's repeated race,
Since Time first started from his pristine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But, sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass,
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great word, that gave him sense, ordain
That life shall never wake that sense again?
And will no power his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?
Each evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run:
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;

Starts

Starts the bright race again: his conſtant flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the ſame.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
Theſe neither ſeaſons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force;
Various their ſpeed, but endleſs is their courſe.
From his firſt fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the ſea each brook and torrent flows:
Though ſundry drops or leave or ſwell the ſtream,
The whole ſtill runs, with equal pace, the ſame;
Still other waves ſupply the riſing urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
Why then muſt man obey the ſad decree,
Which ſubjects neither ſun, nor wind, nor ſea?
A flower, that does with opening morn ariſe,
And, flouriſhing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eaſtern blaſt, juſt ſkimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and ſinking on the ſhore;
A fire, whoſe flames through crackling ſtubble fly;
A meteor ſhooting from the ſummer ſky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with ſemblance apt proclaim
Our earthly courſe: but, O my ſoul! ſo faſt
Muſt life run off, and death for ever laſt?
This dark opinion, ſure, is too confin'd;
Elſe whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does ſomething ſtill, and ſomewhere yet remain,
Reward or puniſhment, delight or pain?

Say: ſhall our relicks ſecond birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the ſad wife has cloſ'd her huſband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpſe not yet entirely dead,
The ſpirit only from the body fled;
The groſſer part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, deſtroy'd;
The ſoul, immortal ſubſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of joy, and capable of pain?
And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay ſhe deign'd to dwell,
Shall ſhe with ſafety reach her priſtine ſeat?
Find her reſt endleſs, and her bliſs complete?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn,
Do angels joy to ſee his better half return?
But, if ſhe has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and ſeditious ſtrife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe angels driven
From the æthereal ſeat, and bliſsful heaven,
In everlaſting darkneſs muſt ſhe lie,
Still more unhappy, that ſhe cannot die?

Amid two ſeas, on one ſmall point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we ſtand:
On either ſide our thoughts inceſſant turn;
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;
Loſing the preſent in this dubious haſte,
And loſt ourſelves betwixt the future and the paſt.

Theſe cruel doubts contending in my breaſt,
My reaſon ſtaggering, and my hopes oppreſs'd,

Once

Once more, I ſaid, once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind?
How does ſhe act? and where is ſhe confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her as we pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe evils, that obſtruct our eaſe?
We happineſs purſue; we fly from pain;
Yet the purſuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And, while poor Nature labours to be bleſt,
By day with pleaſure, and by night with reſt,
Some ſtronger power eludes our fickly will,
Daſhing our riſing hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which we fancy free.
That Power ſuperior then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for ſacrifice our ſorrows eaſe?
And can our tears reverſe his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid, where reaſon fails;
Throw loads of incenſe in, to turn the ſcales;
And let the ſilent ſanctuary ſhew,
What from the babbling ſchools we may not know,
How man may ſhun or bear his deſtin'd part of woe.
What ſhall amend, or what abſolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate ſtate,
Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
Or boundleſs terms, whoſe doubtful ſenſe confounds.
Unequal thought! whilſt all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes muſt riſe, our ſorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I ſaid;

I said;—and instant bad the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chaunting, by just return, the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they past:
—The anxious king came last.
The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
Father of Heaven! (I said) and Judge of Earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.
Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease!
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide

Impetuous

Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land!
If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From Now, from instant Now, great Sire! dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from Now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous prospects raise,
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new Hereafter, and a future state,
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.
My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—

Ambro-

Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose,
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews:
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecstacy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel said:
  Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;
Send the successive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.
  The child, to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
(That curs'd poison to the prince's mind!)

Shall

Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And loſe his great defence, his people's love;
Ill-counſel'd, vanquiſh'd, fugitive, diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's ſtrength effac'd;
Shall ſigh the king diminiſh'd, and the crown
With leſſen'd rays deſcending to his ſon;
Shall ſee the wreaths, his grandſire knew to reap
By active toil and military ſweat,
Pining, incline their ſickly leaves, and ſhed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to aſſuage
Domeſtic horror and inteſtine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquiſh'd fear,
From Iſrael's arrow, and from Judah's ſpear;
Shall caſt his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with kindred-blood.

Hence labouring years ſhall weep their deſtin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, ſully'd with diſgrace.
Time, by neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Through ſcenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire, leſſen'd in a parted ſtream,
Shall loſe its courſe—
Indulge thy tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme;
Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by grief and ſhame,
And men ſhall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypts yet and ſecond bonds remain,
A harſher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive ſons ſhall leave the promis'd land.

Their

Their name more low, their ſervitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
Theſe pointed ſpires, that wound the ambient ſky,
(Inglorious change!) ſhall in deſtruction lie
Low, levell'd with the duſt; their heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For laſting glory built, deſign'd the ſeat
Of kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred load
Of gold, and veſſels ſet apart to GOD,
Then, by vile hands to common uſe debas'd,
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken feaſt,
With ſacrilegious taunt, and impious jeſt.
Twice fourteen ages ſhall their way complete;
Empires by various turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While thy abandon'd tribes ſhall only know
A different maſter, and a change of woe,
With down-caſt eye-lids, and with looks aghaſt,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the paſt.
Afflicted Iſrael ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the ſtreams where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd limbs aſpiring but to reſt.
In the reflective ſtream the ſighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abaſh'd, ſhall hide

Her

Her penſive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom ſhall foreſee his ſickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their cloſe embrace.
With irkſome anguiſh then your prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected feaſts deſpair'd return,
And ſad oblivion of their ſolemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted ſeers
Shall call for fountains to expreſs their tears,
And wiſh their eyes were floods; by night, from dreams
Of opening gulphs, black ſtorms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the people ſhew
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and myſtic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant ſhall require
That they ſhould breathe the ſong, and touch the lyre,
Shall ſay: can Jacob's ſervile race rejoice,
Untun'd the muſick, and diſus'd the voice?
What can we play (they ſhall diſcourſe), how ſing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary laſh, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-caſt of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longſome day,
The fulleſt bliſs our hearts aſpire to know
Is but ſome interval from active woe,
In broken reſt and ſtartling ſleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the ſcourge, return.

Bred up in grief, can pleaſure be our theme?
Our endleſs anguiſh does not nature claim?
Reaſon and ſorrow are to us the ſame.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle Folly was not Pleaſure's ſire?
Madneſs, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.
This is the ſeries of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illuſtrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not what Heaven ordains with Reaſon's eye.
Too bright the object is; the diſtance is too high.
The man, who would reſolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked ſtraight:
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy ſenſe,
Nor let duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe, and man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy ſum of life muſt his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good which centres in his will.
Yet, that thy labouring ſenſes may not droop,
Loſt to delight, and deſtitute of hope,
Remark what I, GOD's meſſenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The land, at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn,
Shall from her ſad captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.

Again

Again the glorious temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new luſtre pierce the neighbouring ſkies.
The promis'd ſeat of empire ſhall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And, from thy race diſtinguiſh'd, One ſhall ſpring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power; ſent down from heaven,
To ſuccour earth. To Him, To Him, 'tis given,
Paſſion, and care, and anguiſh, to deſtroy.
Through Him, ſoft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd ſhall flow;
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.
Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be ſtrong: with patience and with care
Perform, and ſuffer: to thyſelf ſevere,
Gracious to others, thy deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues; firſt of men! be beſt.
Thy ſum of duty let two words contain;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be juſt. The angel ſaid.—
With upward ſpeed his agile wings he ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy ground I proſtrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I ſpoke:
Supreme, all-wiſe, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, ſole Diſpoſer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully ſees, and none can ſee!

Original of Beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
Benign Creator! let thy plaſtic hand
Diſpoſe its own effect; let thy command
Reſtore, Great Father! thy inſtructed ſon;
And in my act may thy great will be done!

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP, GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
è Muſeo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Κειμήλια ſua
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
Indulgent Time, through future ages ſave,
Before the Muſe to burn with purer flame!

Sperne dilectum Veneris ſacellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove caſto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas.

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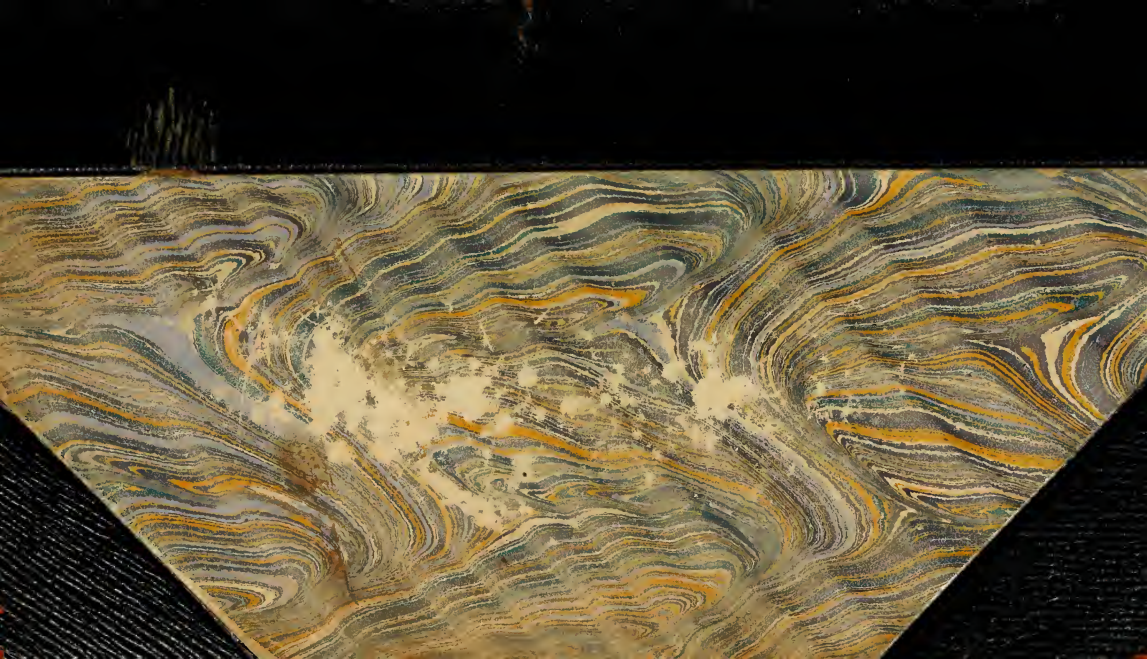
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